

JUICE MEAGRE.

FIBRE GALORE!

THOUGHTS FLUX!



Author: TK Ramchand
English Version: Pradeep S



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A MINUTE PLEASE!

"You are only entitled to the action, never to its fruits." - **Bhagavad Gita**

"Let there be no compulsion in religion." - **Quran 2:256**

"The glory lies in one's attempt to reach the goal, not in reaching the goal!"

- **Mahatma Gandhi**

"If life were predictable it would cease to be life, and be without flavour."

- **Eleanor Roosevelt**

This not an autobiography! Neither narration of history! Merely notes from memory! Sequence of thoughts! What comes to memory, noted and noted in the order it comes! Chronology has no relevance here! Many things might have been omitted! Memory might err! In pressure of emotions, mind might have wavered! There might be deficiency in capability of handling the language! The immensity of incidents might have yielded to monotony! Nevertheless felt, this and that, many things exist to be written! Wrote! That's all! The wonder is that, I was, with courage and without quaver, able to face all the crisis! When a problem crop-up or when a handicap occurs; the question "How, and in what way I should proceed to meet the situation?" that immediately arose in me, is what actually prompted me to arrive at a solution! Life, mine is one in which every day, I had to face problems: oppositions, hardships, selfishness of others, superstitions, unsatisfaction of others, thus crisis a lot! Whatever crisis happens in life, we must be able to acquire the ability to face them with courage and with mentality unwavering! If one thing doesn't materialise, leave it! We could get another thing materialised! Be satisfied with that! Almost all of my writings elucidate broad minded scientific mentality to the brim! They are the revelry of wealth of ideas for thought!

Here and there I have given few quotes which I like. It may contain what you like and what you may not like. But please don't stop reading when you confront something you may not like. Patiently, continue reading till the end. There may be items you may adore, ahead! Then think, think and think again!

To see, hear and enjoy Malayalam songs to which I have given new visuals according to the meaning of the lyrics, visit:

<https://m.youtube.com/channel/UCNa7ppr5VeamDAm6nJr678A/featured>

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JUICE MEAGRE, FIBRE GALORE!

The cot looked familiar. I was fascinated by the artistry on its headboard and the four legs. Among the many other things that came to the house along with the cot that day was a cradle and a harmonium. I may have been barely 4 or 5 years old. I had been shifted to my hometown in Kerala with the intention that it would support my studies.

With the harmonium's arrival, I realized that Amma was finally coming. In the longing to see my mother, I ran out to the iron gates of the house crying, "Amma is coming." When I reached the gate, someone lifted me. Later, I was ceded to some other people standing there. I do not recall anything more of that incident, even having seen or not, my father or my brothers. There were many people around, but my mother had not come. Would I have cried, a lot? There are many images of those times which have deserted my mind already.

I was staying at Valyachan's house. It was morning ritual for all family members to sit together and sing the prayer song "Anjana Sreedhara Charumoorthe". Breakfast for all members with the exception of Valyachan was Kanji(gruel). Yellow leaves of jackfruit trees shaped in the form of cones were used as a makeshift spoon to drink the kanji.



Spoon made of fallen ripe leaves of jackfruit trees, to drink kanji.



Valyachan had puttu. Puttu is steamed cylinder of ground rice layered with coconut shavings. With puttu he added plantain, pappad, ghee and sugar in appropriate ratio. Then he crushed and mixed them all together very well! The smell of the steaming puttu which he prepared like this, was so alluring that as children we would queue upright in front of his chair. From the big ball he

made, he then makes very small balls and place it in each one of our hands. We would then carefully bite into it with relish

and feel elated. The taste of that has still not faded from my memory!

Valyachan was working for the Excise Department and in those days getting into a government job was considered by many as a great achievement. He had a very thin frame but a large head. His face was devoid of moustache, but his eyes were always probing for something.

As time passed, I realised that in my presence people were whispering about, my own mother. From the bits and pieces that could overhear and grasp, I understood that my mother had left me. It was the biggest tragedies and the inauguration future tragedies!

My memories rush to those days when I, with mother and father lived in Madras! There appears in front of my eyes a scene in which, while mother is censoring me for urinating in sleep, father is removing my wet cloths and salving me! A remembrance of having seen people decorating with flowers a cart! (When I grew-up I came to understand that it was for carrying a dead body! Poor fellow! While alive he might not have even seen a flower!)

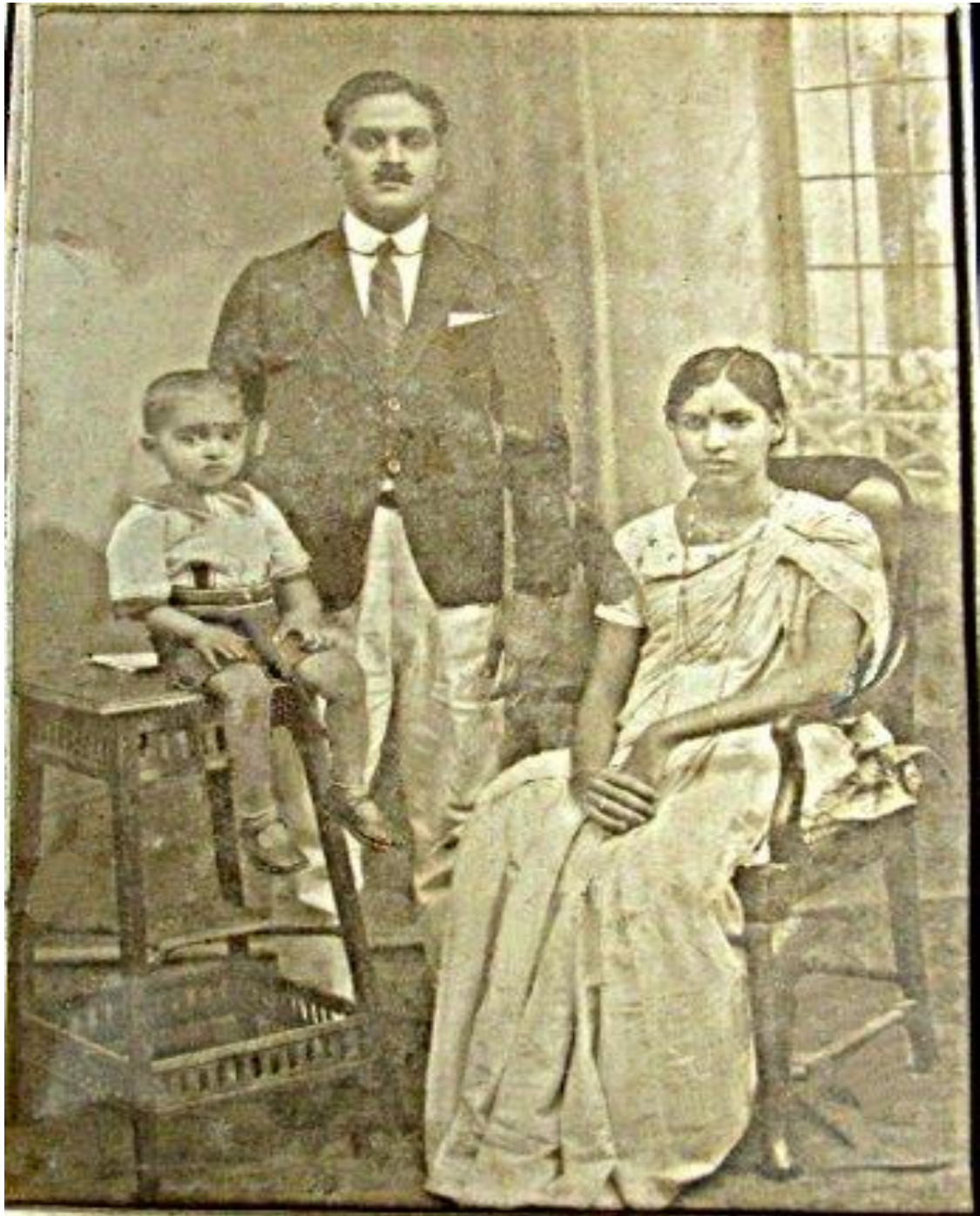
After visiting the temple at the hill-top, we three, mother, father and I were walking down the road. A monkey snatched away the packet I was carrying! (Afterwards I came to understand that it was Pazhani! Being a railway employee father used to get family-pass.

There is sufficient special reason to remember the journey from Madras to my mother's house. If, my doesn't err only we three were the members in the journey. (Might have been before the birth of my brothers.) I was having with me a beautiful doll of Krishna waking on four limbs, made of clay and painted in blue. There was a handle on the top, at its back. From the start of the journey, I was the custodian, the sole custodian of it. I remember having travelled in train, boat and bus. It was to Pallippaad, a village in Harippaad town, where my grandmother was staying. After walking some distance along the ridge and then climbing few steps we could reach the backside of the house. While climbing the steps, somehow the doll fell down from my hand and broke! Whether I fell down and thus it broke, I could not recollect. There is a proverb in Malayalam meaning, 'Toiling a lot in making something perfectly good, and spoiling it at finishing stage'! I made it practical! Indeed, it might have aggrieved each and all!

Even today, as if it was yesterday, the view of very big trees with full of red flowers, on the way to the school where I was studying for L.K.G., amazes me! Even the sight of ladies, clad in white uniform, going to-and-fro without break, along the lengthy veranda with roof! Years later, I came to understand that it is Egmoor hospital. The vast school-compound, the very big trees with red flowers in abundance and the heavy green grass meadow like bed, beneath them, even today hangs on in my memory. (All my attempts afterwards to find out which was that school, till now were utter failures!) Might be some school in Egmoor itself, that may be the reason why I went to school by walk. Oh! Forgot to tell it! Father was employed as a railway guard and was working at Egmoor railway station. So, we were staying at Egmoor.

In front of our house there was seen a bi-cycle on the road. On the front mud-guard of the cycle there was fitted a small metal bird. I remember, I somehow removing it, taking it to house and with much happiness showing it to my father; he telling me, 'It is not our property, it belongs to somebody else. We should not take other's properties.', and making me to return it to its owner myself, I even today remember! I forgot to say who is Valyachan! It is my mother's mother's elder sister's husband! Since I was at Madras, I didn't, knew to read and write Malayalam! I was left with Valyachan for the betterment of my education. (When I attained capacity to think myself, many times I tried to ferret out the reason for leaving me with Valyachan instead of with my grandmother. I could not find an answer.) There was a huge population, uncles and sisters. In those days in Travancore there were two systems of education, Malayalam medium schools and English medium schools. The classes in English medium schools were known as Form 1, Form 2 and so on, instead of present-day Standard 1 to 6. Form 6 was equivalent to present-day Standard 10. Students were not directly admitted to Form 1. There was a class called Preparatory Class. Students who pass an entrust test were directly admitted to this class. Only those who come out success from this class were eligible for admission to Form 1.

I appeared for the entrance examination. But scored only zero marks in mathematics, and hence failed in the examination! Thus, I was forced to face the second disaster in my life and that too under extraordinary circumstances. In the mathematics question-paper the numbers were written using Malayalam numerals. In Madras I was taught the English numerals. I didn't do a single question. I fool, sat looking at the question paper, didn't raise any problem. If I or the relative who took me for the examination had raised the matter to the authorities concerned conducting the examination and raised the problem, they would have changed the numerals to English, as the numerals used in preparatory class was English: and I would not have lost one year. Those who taught me Malayalam didn't teach me Malayalam numerals! To avoid a risk, I studied Malayalam numerals too and joined the next year in the preparatory class, with name Ramachandran. I remember having won first prize in memory test! I remember I was studying in Kayamkulam Government High School. I think it is an omission that I didn't till now revealed that Valyachan was living in Kayamkulam! Bus and car were then rare! There emerge in my memory a scene in which a group of we relatives including me, all the way to-and-fro walking the distance between Kayamkulam and the temple at Oachira! Even today in my memory finds a place for scene another one, in which, tirelessly one uncle trying to make gold like alloy by melting in crucibles, copper, lead and some other things with the help of an ironsmith! Being a relative, Cartoonist Shanker used to come there to visit Valyachan. I very well remember the gentleman's visit, who used to draw cartoons under the guidance of Shanker. He brought with him a huge book, full of cartoons drawn by him. With much enthusiasm I turned and saw all the pages and appreciated them as mere pictures. (I never knew that there was more in it than what meets the eye!) Only so much come to my memory as far as Kayamkulam is concerned.



Mother THANKAMMA, Father KESAVA KURUP and myself included, I am still having this photo with me. In this, though I see my mother, my memory could not remember having seen this face!

I, known as Mony. When admitted to school becomes:

K Ramachandran Pillai, as I happened to be admitted by a PILLAI title holder, as the guardian!

The next year we shifted our residence to Harippaad the house of grandmother's sister. The house at Kayamkulam was that of Valyachan. In the course of time, I came to understand that the ground just nearby belonged to my mother. Another ground nearby belonged to my mother's uncle Raman Pillai. He was having there a big grocery shop. Somehow, I came to understand that my father had entrusted my mother's property with him to look-after. An old man, a worker of the shop, had a lot of love towards me! Now and then he used to give me ball jaggery piece. (When I grew up, many times I used to guess why he fell in love with me. I could not find out any definite answer for that. I guess that he might have been just showing his sympathy towards a motherless child!) He was aware of the fact that the shop-owner, was having in his custody, my mother's property!

There is a festival in the nearby temple. On elephant god visits the houses and collects paddy. (It is a corban, offering to God.) The elephant, attracted me. I liked



the decorations. What attracted me the most was children's fire-works at the arrival of the party! On a pole the following things were tightly tied; very dry film of areca nut tree, very dry film of plantain stem, green leaves of MIMUSOPS ELENJI tree and was lighted at the time of the arrival of the party from the temple! As it caught fire it produced sounds like that of cracker bursts! When set on fire, the heat expands the imprisoned air expands causing the bursts!



Areca leaf sheath



The school was far far away at a place known as KARUVAATTA. We had to walk all the distances, through paddy-field ridges, coconut estates and so on! To-and-fro. However, the toil lasted only one year! The result of some strange happenings found we the three are at Pallippaad staying with grandmother. I got admitted at Harippaad. Noon meal was arranged at a hotel. it was half charge for me. Full meal was 5 Chakrams, and half meal to cost two and a half Chakrams. The '**half chakram**', carries me to explain to you, one strange peculiarity! The Travancore money was in Chakrams and Rupees. 28 Chakrams make one Travancore rupee, and 28 and a half Chakrams make one British Rupee. Both Rupees were valid. See the silly attitude of the then rulers of India, they wanted to show that they are superior to Travancore State, the British Rupee to cost half a chakram more than that of the State Rupee. Doesn't the action seem too cheap?! The state was paying tribute to the then British Government!

Here I must not forget to mention of a country-mango-tree which gave very very good tasting mangos! I have not eaten from anywhere else till now, any mango with such a kind of taste. It was not very big. But was a bit lengthy. (They are to be preserved for ever for the progeny as it is of a very rare variety! I don't know whether there is any rule or department functioning for such causes! If not, it is high time to make one.) I did a great thing. I kept the mango in the right hand and tried to cut it keeping the knife in the left hand! It created a big wound on the ring finger of my right hand. The cured wound place is still fully visible even today, as it left such a big mark on it!

The houses of all those who had paddy cultivation and had to preserve them yearlong had ARRA and PURA two dark rooms without ventilation, made in wood with a very beautiful design very ancient, the picture of the wall of which is given below. Our house at Pallippaad was one like that. Outside the wall, about one man's height there

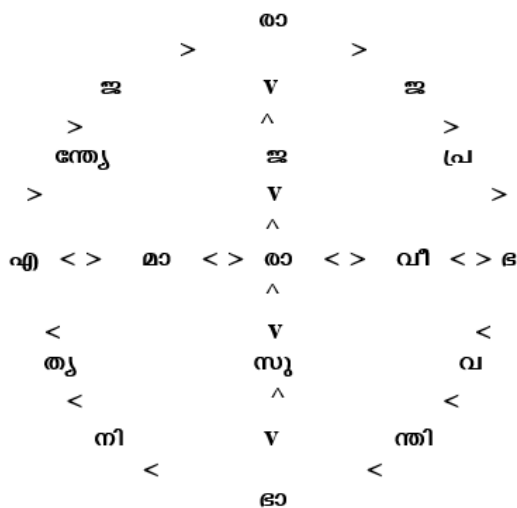
was nice writing in columns drawn with chalk. All were enclosed in a circle. It attracted me very much! I copied it on sheet of of my notebook, to find out what it is.

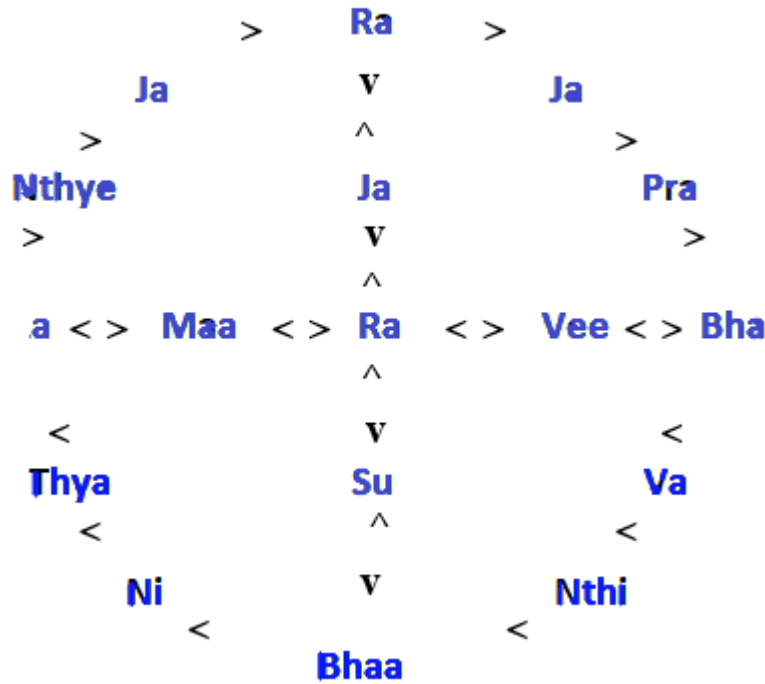


The wall of ARRA and PURA.

The letters were Malayalam. Two parallel circles were drawn one inside the other. At the centre two parallel lines were drawn vertically and parallel and columns were made. I am just giving below a skeleton of it (only the letters) that too in my own way.

This is just a recollection from memory!





I am here just reproducing the Malayalam version.

(Transliteration)

Raaja raaja prabha veera

Raavee bhavanthi bhaasura

Raa subhaa nithya a maara

Raamaayenthya jaraa jaraa!

Nobody knows who wrote it there! That means it is centuries old. After years of

research, I succeeded in finding out how to read it. I have given it, above right, in bold letters. It is a poem!

(1) Start from the centre, read upwards, turn to the right and read up to 90 degrees, turn left and read up to the centre; (2) start again from there and continue reading to the right, turn to the bottom and read 90 degrees; now read upwards up to the centre; (3) again, starting from the centre read downwards, turn left and read 90 degrees upwards, then continue reading rightwards to the centre; (4) start again from the centre and read leftwards, continue reading 90 degrees rightwards; now read towards the centre, and end reading at the started point itself! The centre is the starting point of each line and the ending part of every line! It seems it is Sanskrit. Wonderful indeed! [The arrows given by me may be helpful in guiding the reading!]

I forgot to tell some points of importance that came to light during the paddy collecting festival when God visited the house, while we were at Harippaad! The participants were mostly women. I was shocked to see the murmurings and whisperings that were precent among these gust visitors, seeing my presence at Kayamkulam reached Harippaad too! How quick, is the velocity, of news spreading and that too, to far- away places! Very high is it, especially when the news involved something unnatural! I came to understand that the death of my mother was not a natural one, but a suicide. Valyachan went to Madras and picked up father and brothers. After I came to understand that wherever there was, whisperings it is about

us, I used to try to overhear them, they unknowingly. My secrete listening yielded me to have a subtle knowledge of the scene that was avoiding me for long.

On the morning of my mother's death, when father was about to start to the office my mother had given a list to father, and requested him to buy those grocery items and a sedge-grass-mat. After duty when came home he had brought with him all the items. He rang the calling-bell. She didn't open the door. bells had no results. then he called. No reply. Slapped on the door. Neighbours also came for help. When they found the attempts useless, they thought of cutting the door open! Since, then it will become police case, the public advised father not to do that, but instead call the police. The police arrived and opened the door cutting it. When they entered, the scene they saw in the room was horrible, two boys bathed in blood weeping, and their mother lying with a wound on the neck. Father escaped from the case as the door was locked from inside.

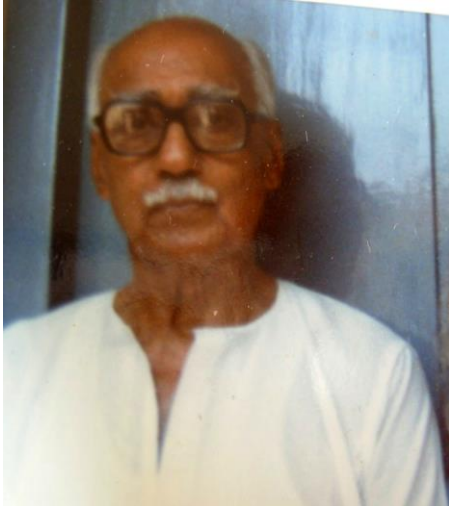
As the school-year came to an end, and as I passed Form 2 examination, the highest class there, a re-locating of our residence became absolutely essential. During the annual leave for schools, one day father came and took we three to Chengannoor and left us with Appachi(aunt). (Now a question arises, 'Who happens to wander always?! Destitute children or children with lot of heirs!') Preparatory class at Kayamkulam, Form 1 at Karuvaatta, Form 2 at Harippaad, and now form 3 at Chengannoor.



APPACHI(Aunt): KALYANI AMMA.

Appachi had two daughters and three sons.

The eldest named **PATCHU**, a graduate was serving as captain in Military during the second world war. He with family was living at Bangalore. Marriage proposals were going on for his younger sister GowryKutty. Her younger brother Bhasker was in search of a job after completing Form 6 (equivalent to the present SSLC). His younger brother Raghavan was studying in Malayalam school. His younger sister Janamma was in Form 4. And now I have to get admission to Form 3. In Malayalam culture we do not call elders by name. We add Kochettan or Chettan (meaning elder brother) and Chechi (meaning elder sister) along with name. (For example: Patchu kochaattan, Janamma chechi.)



Gowrikutty, Bhaskaran, Raghavan, Janamma.

Standing as guardian, brother Bhaskaran, admitted me to Form 3, at the Government Boys High School, Chengannoor. Janamma chechi was studying in the Government Girls High School. Only a wall separated the schools. They were in walking distance. But time was not sufficient to go home and have the noon meal.

The second world war that started in 1939 was still continuing. We started our stay at Chengannoor, in 1943. Then it was very difficult to get rice. We had to eat even bajra a millet. Since lands suitable for paddy cultivation at Chengannoor were very rare, paddy necessary for the whole year were not met with, own cultivation, and had to purchase rice from the market! Before July every year, since we started staying there, came 300 paras (Para is a measuring vessel for paddy in the then Travancore state.)



of paddy in kettuvallam, to Appachi, through river PUMPA. (Kettuvallam with cover was used when there are rains and without cover when there are no rains.)



Mother owned 30 paras of paddy field at Pallippaad paddy field. It was entrusted with an agriculturist, was to pay a tribute of 300 paras of paddy every year to the owner of the field. Father had made arrangements with the cultivator to deliver it to appachi.



Unexpectedly one day suddenly father came! He took me along with him. I never knew where he was taking me. He didn't tell me anything. Since, decorations were going on at the house where he took me, I guessed that some function is going to take place there. As I saw the function progressing, I came to understand, that I was taken there to witness a function which only very very rare people will get the opportunity to witness! It was my father's marriage that took place there! The fortunate progeny who could see the marriage of his own father!

Stepmother Kamalakshi Amma

"A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new." ~ **Albert Einstein**



"One individual may die for an idea, but that idea will, after his death, incarnate itself in a thousand lives." - Subhas Chandra Bose



"Life loses half its interest if there is no struggle — if there are no risks to be taken." - Subhas Chandra Bose

Unlike Kayamkulam and Harippaad the beauty of nature around the house at Chengannoor was a very very attractive beautiful one! Pumpa river coming flowing from north, takes a ninety-degrees turn westwards to Appachi's house, and then suddenly changes its course a bit to north again; but changes its direction again westwards a bit distance and then again changes a bit to north and finally flow westwards! That means, Appachi's compound and a few nearby grounds are just a projection into the river, with three sides surrounded by Pumpa river. Because of a heavy flood long back, the house had shifted a bit. A heavy repair had to be done to bring it back to the original position. Now the Ara and Pura stands locked by four very lengthy pillars going very deep into the earth. As a result of years of attempts, finally the Government erected a bund in front of the house in north-south direction, preventing the eating away of the land projection by the Pumpa river. The side of the bund facing the river is built with granite. The bottom of the bund is very wide. The mud for the embankment was taken from the ground left to Appachi's ground after purchasing it from the owner. So, there is water there almost throughout the year. The top and the sloping back side of the bund is made of grass which prevents mud from being washed away by rains. The top, level portion serves as a rest place for the



A view of the river from the bund!

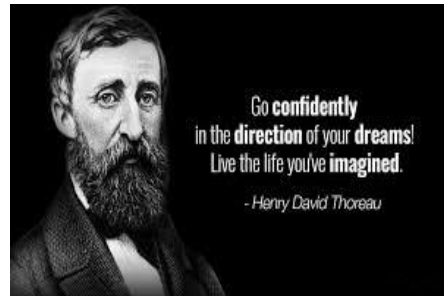
the public to enjoy the evening breeze, while sitting and watching the boats.



Nearby, there is a bathing-ghat, built of very very big stones, not liftable even if 100 workers join together! It is not a stone area, but mud area, extending at least few kilometres. From where, who, when, how those stones were brought there is a not known! The arrangement of stones is to be appreciated!



"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams." – Eleanor Roosevelt



Schools re-opened. One of my teachers Mr. Abraham was living near to our house. Rain season started. The flow of water in the river increased. When the flow increases, it is usual that wood, dry sticks, even dry branches of trees that had fallen in the forest, were washed into the river by the force of the running heavy rain water. It is a festival for the river-side dwellers to catch them and use as fire-wood! I felt jealousy seeing Bhasker and Raghavan caching them by swimming against the flow of water and catching them. They will bring dragging them to the shore. Then it is the duty of the female folk to collect them and store. As the night falls, we all together carry them to the house. (I made up my mind to learn swimming at the earliest!) During each flood, each family collects firewood that may last for 3 to 4 months.



All deep places behind the bund were filled with water. (It is rather very difficult to express what happiness I felt seeing the flood for the first time in my life!) When I saw children rowing on plantain-stem-raft, made by joining together by sending straight sticks through them, I can't bear the thrill! I felt very very sorrow that I have just to sit and watch all, but not able to participate!



The flood came to an end. Water level in the river also became normal. At places where the land is 90 degrees inward, the direction of the water flow will be in the opposite way, creating a circular water flow at that portion. It is confined to a square portion only. It is therefore a safe place for people to take bath. I took a plantain-

stem there. You know, it floats on the water. Holding hands on I started practising swimming. Gradually, I learnt swimming, as only half an hour I could spend a day.



One day I saw a woman knitting coconut tree leaf. I watched it with astonishment. Actually, I learnt the craft, watching she doing.



I recollected those days when I learnt from friends, how to make bird, snake, ball, fan etc. and then made myself them, using coconut leaf.



Things that can be made with coconut leaves are numerous! It is a craft it is an art!



It is known as 'KALPAVRIKSHA', meaning that it gives whatever you ask for! Its all parts are very useful, for different purposes! It gives us coconut, coconut-water, leaf, fibre, coir, coconut shell, wood, toddy, fire wood, mid rib of coconut leaves etc.

It provides everything necessary for the construction of a full house and many items necessary for use in the house, kitchens and even furniture in rooms! For decorations it is a wonder, its flowers and leaves, especially tender leave.



It provides many things the kitchen needs.



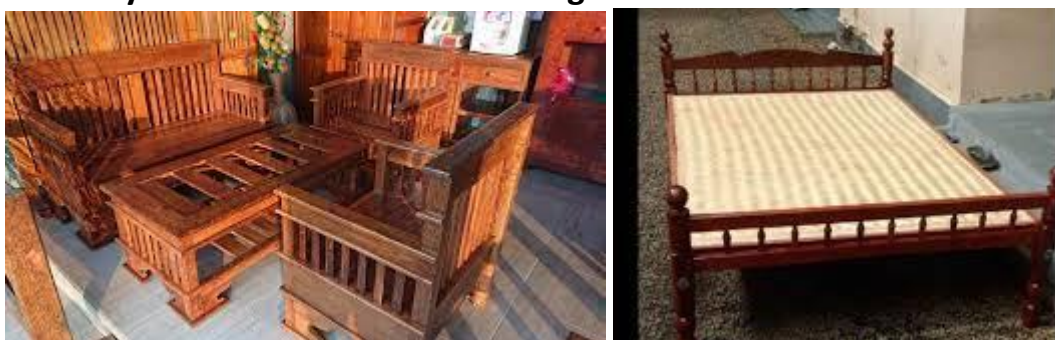
Many dishes need coconut. Coconut oil is an essential ingredient of many dishes.



It provides beautiful items for placement in the show-case!



Any furniture can be made using the wood of coconut tree!





It gives drinks: tender coconut water and sweet kernel for eating.



Parrots too like drinking tender coconut water

It gives toddy to the drunkard too! (Tapping toddy)



The leaves are used for decoration



On all occasions auspicious coconut flower is a necessity!



The spongy substance grown, using the water and kernel that was in the coconut, that is about to germinate, too known coconut flower is very taste.



Some products made with coconut tree-parts!



A Protection from SUN!



Fish traps!



I hope these images and explanations regarding the various innumerable things that we are able to get, produce and manufacture from the coconut tree, confirms that it is really, **KALPAVRIKSHA** giving anything we ask for! Indeed, Indirectly, It Gives Shelter, Work, Food, To Eat And, Water, To Drink! **THAT MEANS EVERYTHING!**

Very soon, I and teacher Abraham's son Kunjumon became thick friends. He was an expert swimmer. He taught me how to swim in flowing water of the river. We three, Janamma chechi, Kunjumon and I together went to school together. One day Kunjumon gave me poignant information. Janamma chechi is having some severe heart disease. Death may happen at any time. I was shocked to hear the news. She was the darling girl of the public.

Suddenly an Incident rush to my mind. It might have happened after many many months later. The school had wooden gates. I saw students swinging on it! I too got attracted to it! I also went there. There was a que. There were many in the waiting list! But soon the gate collapsed. All ran away. Few on the gate got bruises. Two or three of us, tried to help them get up. What to say! The headmaster, somehow caught all involved: those enjoyed, those injured, many in the que and many on lookers. All were asked to bring their parent or guardian. It was my third disaster! I too was asked, though I pleaded my innocence! I reported the matter to brother Bhaskaran. I do not remember if some fine was paid or not! Very soon brother Bhaskaran too joined military.

At Kayakkulam, Valyachan's house was modern and tiled. The house at Harippad and Pallippaad were thatched. The house at Chengannoor too had 'arayum purayum'. Though the ground floor was cemented, the walls were not plastered. There was a lot of work to be completed, yet the work was temporarily stopped. I took up the north-east room. There was nobody residing. It was a store room for storing the cut pieces of wood required for the completion of the work of the house. I selected two wooden plates that was intended for doors. I gave support for them with other suitable wooden pieces and made a cot. (I never knew I was thus laying down the foundation



for the emergent of a future carpenter.) I made it my study room. On the backside of the house there were some coffee plants. It grows only to persons height. Then it spreads to all sides. It won't grow like a tree. Even its small twigs have great strength. Since its leaves are big it gave good sunshade. I noticed on a plant, three branches parallel to the earth, before straightening its growth upwards vertically. I managed three small sticks with strength, tied them on, those three parallel growths. Over it I put dry plantain stem and thus made a seat. On holidays I sat there on it and studied, enjoying breeze and breathing the oxygen released by trees and plants. One day I sat stunned seeing weaver ants weaving a nest on the near-by plant!

Already within this time, I had become a famous driver! I was the owner of a wheel, a cut out portion of the edge of a damaged tyre of a lorry! I don't remember how I became its owner! I could drive it with ease, giving it strokes one after another with a piece of small stick held in one hand!



We all got promoted to the next class. Thus, that school-year came to an end. Having entered the Forth Form, I was quite ostentatiousness! Till now I was only a middle-school student. Now, I am a High School Student! (Schools with Forms one to three were called middle schools and schools with four to six were known as High Schools, todays Secondary Schools. Today's 10th class equivalent to sixth form.) Now all subjects are to be learnt in English! (Then it was considered as something great than the learning in Mother tongue. The books in Mother tongue were not available too!))

Monsoon started. Heavy rain lashed everywhere. Level of water increased in the river. Brother Raghavan caught firewood from the river. I helped him on the shore. I had no permission to get into the river flow. Water was stagnant around the house. I cut plantain stems and made a raft. Using a rafter, I moved on it all around the house and took revenge on last year's disappointments.



Kunjumon brought on hire a small country-boat accommodatable two persons. We sat at both the ends of it. Kunjumon sat at stern of the boat to steer it. It is he who controls the direction of the boat. First, we rowed at all around the house. He was an expert in rowing in heavy flow of water in river. He taught me many technics. Schools

declare holidays when there is heavy flood. One day he brought for me a very small boat in which only a single person can be accommodated. Within few days, I learnt rowing standing on it; after a lot of falling and learning entering it, even while in water. It is really a thrill standing and rowing it! Since it was not very heavy flood there was no necessity to shift our residence. I came to understand from Kunjumon



in that in case of very heavy flood, water will enter the house and so used to shift to a relative's house nearby which is at bit higher level.

In the compound, on the back side of the house, there grew a cluster small kind of bamboo. I cut two of them and with them made two stilts. I learnt walking on it after a number of falls. Finally, I became an expert stilt-walker. I even could walk on the



slope of the embankment! (On the grass side, not on the granite side.)

At the time of the annual examination, I was attacked by mumps. Since it was a contagious disease, I could not go to school and sit for the examination. There was swelling on both parotid salivary glands. My neighbour teacher Mr. Abraham came and saw me when he was informed. He reported the matter to the headmaster. I also submitted a leave letter on medical ground. The fourth disaster in my life stared at me. Within a few days I was cured without affecting anybody else. Very anxiously I counted the days for the result of the examination. When the result came, I found that I was promoted. Thus, the fourth disaster was cancelled!

Each house had a vegetable garden! Houses were self-sufficient in vegetables. Then there was no system of vegetables being brought to houses for sale. In some seasons there will be scarcity, due to flood, unbearable heat of the sun, heavy rains etc.



“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.....huoi” is a shouting that now and then arise from the river Pampa! “Do you want fish, fish...” That is the meaning of the shout! **It denotes the Small, country-boat bringing fish’s arrival.** In this boat, they do bring fish, from the sea. There will be two persons, one at the back part and another at the front. The

remaining whole area is filled with fish! Both the persons rows in unison, and the speed of the boat is too high! The boat will move up and down, because of the force of powerful synchronised rowing! You can’t believe your eyes! You may feel the boat is sinking now and then! But it will never happen! They know the exact quantity of weight it can carry! Since it has no cover, even air cannot oppose to reduce the speed! When there is no vegetable available Appachi used to buy fish! We three brothers happened to be vegetarians, as our father was a vegetarian! So, it happened to be necessity for Appachi, to overwork preparing some other dish too, solely for us.

Aunt was not mere aunt for us, she was Mother for us!

School reopened. Monsoon started. I also got sanction to catch firewood from the river. They may come in singles or in groups! We catch groups and bring them to the place where there is circular movement of water. Take each one and throw them to the shore. Ladies will collect them and store. It happened it even in my first attempt. Besides firewood the group contained a dead body also! With the help of a stick, I pushed it and sent it to the main flow of water. During the floods, it is usual, two or three dead bodies, flow down through the river.

The rain stopped. On holidays Kunjumon and I tried to learn bi-cycle riding. Within few days we became masters of cycling!

During the summer season, people cultivate all over the shores on either-sides of the river, all kinds of vegetables. Down there in front of the embankment in front of our house, there is another embankment as a support to the main one. As that was only



just one metre above the water level the was easy access to pour water to the cultivation. It belongs to the government. As the top of it was level people used to cultivate vegetables there. Every year somebody cultivated it. This year I cultivated it with snake gourd. (It was really a thrill to do it. No manure or fertilizer was to be

applied, as every flood brings a lot of soil from the forest and deposits them there! Only the nearby water was to be poured in their base on the ground. I felt happiness I pouring water to them. When the gourd was to be harvested I did it and I myself took them on bicycle to the market sold it and gave the money to Appachi.) The very important thing I noticed is that nobody stole a single snake gourd from my cultivation. **Nobody anywhere steals from such cultivations. It is a very clean unwritten understanding among the cultivators and the public.** All the shores on both the sides up and down the river belong to the government.

Only so much I could recollect from this school year of Form 5. Now I have reached Sixth Form. The time has arrived, for the first time I have to be prepared, to face a Public Examination. Daily programmes continued as usual. Still activities which are worth mentioning in a thoughts flux like this are still there. Here are few to mention a few.

The northern corner of the low-level embankment where I cultivated snake gourd, was left as is, without erecting granite wall! The soil of this particular vertical place was very very sticky, that even the flow of water with force won't harm the mud of the place. That may be the reason why the engineers left the place as it was. When in small floods, water rises to that level we had a recreation! Below the level of water there, we created holes as the size of our fists. It is the habit of the fish to swim against the flow of water! while doing so, if get a place to rest for some time, they will surely make use of the opportunity! While they take rest there, we put our hand inside and catches the fish. Take it out and store. Some catches may be smooth. But some may be painful! Some fishes stab on the fingers! Even suffering the pain seems then a pleasure, as you enjoy the sport! Instead of crying we laugh with pain! After collecting some fish, we took them to Appachi! Am I not a vegetarian fish-catcher?!

May be because of nonavailability of a suitable person to accompany the paddy, I was asked to be present in the country boat, I had to go to Pallippaad and travel in it from Pallippaad to Chengannoor, one night full and some day time too. A big country-boat with cover was used as there was chance for rain. The boat is moved forward by two Crutchs, using pole for the roving. They hit the ground with the pole and walk to the stern side, the length of of wood put for it, taking their palm higher! Then the boat



moves forward for so much distance and as their palms hold moves up and up the pole, the height of a single pole too! The action is repeated throughout the journey. Only very healthy persons could do this. Even though there was facility for me to sleep inside, I could sleep only very little. It was a journey that won't be forgotten in life.

On the day of the boat-play at Aaranmula, we Kunjumon and myself, hired a small country-boat and went to Aaranmula and saw the boat-play. There it was only a show as it was a temple festival. No competitive race. Only friendly race. Stress is on decoration! Decorative umbrellas, dress etc. There were different kinds of race-boats!

Chuntan



Churulan



See the Decorations!



The scene still horripilate me! Oh! Its mesmerising effect still lingers in me! It will last there for ever!

Months ago, father got transfer to Quilon railway station. With stepmother and children had started living at Quilon.

The school year came to an end. Got hall-ticket to appear for the ESLC examination. Wrote the examination. After the examination, I was afraid if I will fail for the History-geography paper and Malayalam paper. With tension and anxiety, I somehow spend the time till the publication of result! Fortunate! When the result came out, I found my number in the promotion list! Father admitted me in to the intermediate course, at University College, Trivandrum. At that time the nearest college to Chengannoor, was that at Trivandrum! I got First Group itself which I wanted, in which Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics are to be studied. Afraid of Malayalam I took French as second language. Everywhere English was the first language! (Remember, it was a time when we were under the British Rule.) In a distant relative's house near the railway station, he put me up as a temporary measure. He arranged my food at the railway canteen. {During the annual vacation, father took we three too, to Quilon to stay with stepmother. Though with much vexation, we unwillingly had to leave Appachi, and to adjust to the new compelling situation. Brothers were admitted to schools in Quilon. The house was on one side of the Trivandrum-Quilon railway line.} Friday evening at 5 pm, I had to catch the shuttle train to Quilon. During those days it took 3 hours to cover the distance. After reaching Quilon station I had to walk about one and a half kilo meters to reach home. So, I reached house by 9 or 9.30 pm. Monday morning I had to catch the morning shuttle train at 5 am. Reaching Trivandrum at 8 am I had to walk one hour to reach the college.

Till now I was influenced by relatives or friends in moulding my views. I had no philosophy of my own. Now I have freedom make my own decisions. Till now I was led by others' ideas and interests. I stopped applying oil on the head before bath, once that I brought with me was finished, as I came to understand that nowhere in the world other than the Malayalees, apply it on the head before taking bath!

I have started to know the fundamentals of politics too. I learnt that India is Briton's slave! For years India is fighting for freedom. Acquired little knowledge about the main leaders, Mahathma Gandhi, Nethaji Subhash Chandra Bose and Javharlal Nehru!



I myself drew shaded pencil sketches of the three. I had a small trunk in which I kept my books. So as to see them as soon as the box is opened, I found a place on the interior of the cover and fixed it there. I have special reason to adore them! I am noting below few lines I scribbled afterwards! They will reveal, why I was attracted towards them!

Only one aim, independence: they fought
With prowess great: had no other thought!
MP or MLA or Minister:
Dreamt not they, then, office of high honor!
Could they be alive or not, the next day:
Even their existence, doubted they!
Never, the men great, yearned for rank high:
Only to have honor, not to shy!
During their life time, will it happen?
Oh! Never did they knew, anything then!
Even pledging life, fought they: selfishness
Never touched them: needed no selfishness!
“Selfishness ‘SINDABAD’,” slogans such kind,
Never gnawed in into nobody’s mind!

It was heart-braking information, that on 1945 August 18, Nethaji Subash Chandra Bose met with his end, because of major burns, in Japan’s overloaded plane’s explosion at Japan’s Taivan.

Brition announced on June 3, 1947, the date on which it will withdraw from India, after splitting the places under its rule in India, into India and Pakistan and declaring them as two sovereign nations! On July 22, the constituent assembly gave assent to the National Flag in its present form.



“In the national flag of India, the top band is of Saffron color, indicating the strength and courage of the country. The white middle band indicates peace and truth with Dharma Chakra. The last band is green in color shows the fertility, growth and auspiciousness of the land.”

I stayed in the house near railway station only for about one month. Then I shifted to a lodge. The lodge was near the music academy. If my memory doesn't err, there was on July 25, 1947 night, there was a music recital of Muhammed Raffi at the academy. I enjoyed it from the lodge. Though I do not know Hindi, Hindi songs fascinated me! While I was a school student, I learnt by heart Hindi songs and sang them well with ease. In those days Malayalam songs were very rare. Even Malayalam films were rare. In 20 years from 1928 to 1947 only 5 Malayalam films were released. Out of them two were silent films. So, learning of Malayalam songs too ditto! (I might have inherited a little of the talent, from my mother who learnt music.)

The news that appeared in the next day's news-paper was embarrassing! At the music academy the Divan Sir CP Ramaswami Iyer, got a cut at the nose. The light went off for facilitating the cut. (Travancore was a state ruled by Sree Chithira Thirunaal, the king! He appoints an expert man for helping the king to rule the state. He is known as Divan.) After getting first-aid he went or Madras for treatment. All the princely states were paying tribute to the British Government, which now left the states as if they have nothing to do with them! Divan had been trying to keep Travancore, as an independent state. This, the public didn't like. The public wanted Travancore to join India. ("At the time of the British withdrawal, 565 princely states were officially recognized in the Indian subcontinent, apart from thousands of zamindari estates and jagirs. In 1947, princely states covered 40% of the area of pre-independence India and constituted 23% of its population.") Another reason that can be guessed is attributed to the killing of 470 people at the place PUNNAPRA on October 27, 1946 and killing of 150 persons at VAYALAAR, on 28th, by Divan's army! However, the murder attempt was a mile-stone turning point in the history of Travancore!

On July 30 as per the king's decision, CP agreed to affiliate Travancore state with the Indian Union! AUGUST 15, 1947! INDIA BECAME INDEPENDENT! I also took part in the celebration function! I consider it really a great honour, fortune that I too could participate in India's First Independence Day Celebrations!

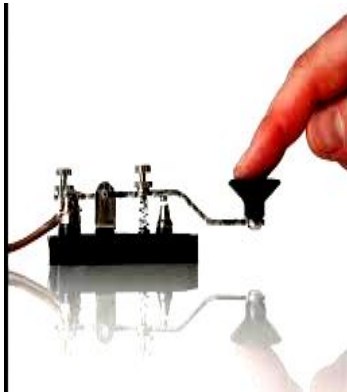
Lord Mount Batten was the last British viceroy of India and he was appointed by the British government to wrap up the British Empire in our country. He served as the last Viceroy of India from February 12, 1947, to August 15, 1947, and then as the first Governor-General of free India from August 15, 1947, to June 21, 1948. He executed the transfer of power to India! Jawaharlal Nehru became the prime minister and Vallabhbhai Patel became the home minister. On August 19, CP resigned divan post and returned to Madras.

On this August 15th father's duty was in the goods train that runs between Chenkotta and Quilon. At a place called Aaryankaav, land slip from the mountain to the track occurred, and could not run the train. Some worker walked all the distance to the nearest railway station and informed the matter. From that station the matter was flashed to all concerned railway stations. In between no train came fortunately.



Otherwise, there would have taken place an accident. I came to know of it only when I went to Quilon. In this era of smart phones, it will be interesting to know how messages were sent and received at the time of independence. The only way was telegraphy. (Since, its working will be fantastic and interesting to the new generation, I shall explain it.)

[It is built on the principle that when electricity flows through a spring, the iron kept in it will acquire magnetism in it, and when the flow stops, the iron will lose its magnetism. The place of sending and the place of receiving will be connected with good metal conductor of electricity, through air or underground. The instrument shown in at the centre of the three pictures shown below will be at both the places.



When the key of the instrument at the sending place is pressed with the finger, since the two metal parts come in contact besides a sound being heard, electric flow will also start. As a result, electricity will flow through the instrument kept at the receiving end, and because of the magnetism produced, the iron rod will be attracted, which in turn hits a metal button, and the same sound that was produced at the sending place will be reproduced. When the finger is removed from the key at the sending place, because of a spring action it lifts up. So, besides the electric connection being cut-off the other end of the key hits a metallic button producing another sound. As the electric connection is cut off at the receiving end, the magnetism is lost and because of the spring action the key returns to the original position. While doing so the other end of the key hits a metal button producing the same sound that was heard at the sending station. If the pressing and removal of the finger is quick, the combined sounds will be like 'KATE'. If a bit time is taken for pressing and removal of the finger the combined sound will be like 'KA:TTE'.

It was Samuel Morse who made 'telegraphic code'. 'KATE' sound is denoted by a dot(.) and 'KA:TTE' sound is denoted by a dash(-). There is code for alphabets, numbers and for many other things. The sender sends the message letter by letter using the code. The receiver notes down them letter by letter. Thus, words and sentences take shape! If the 'KATE' sound is repeated thrice (...) simultaneously, it denotes the letter 'S'. If it is three 'KA:TTE' sounds come simultaneously (- - -) it denotes 'O'. Message sent like this is known as 'telegram'. There was provision

A	B	C	D	E	F
• —	— • • •	— • — •	— • •	•	• • — •
G	H	I	J	K	L
— • •	• • • •	• •	• — — —	— • —	• — • •
M	N	O	P	Q	R
— —	— •	— — —	• — — •	— • • —	• — •
S	T	U	V	W	X
• • •	—	• • —	• • • —	• — —	— • • —
Y	Z				
— • — —	— — • •				

for accepting from and delivering to public, telegrams; at all important post offices. Even the name of the department was 'Post and Telegraph'. At a time when there was no means for transferring news live, this invention was a boon! Indeed, it happened to be a revolution! It succeeded in creating the possibility of intercontinental contact by laying undersea cables across the continents. Method was developed for printing the transmitted code on paper moving in tune with the speed at which they were sent too was invented reveals the importance of telegraphy in those days. Even today the 'KATE', 'KA:TTE' of Morse code is used to make secret codes and send confidential information!]

Let us go back to the subject that we were dealing before entering telegraphy. All, important railway stations were equipped with telegraph facility for railway use. But this accident happened at a place in between two stations. The only way to convey the information to the nearest station was for some railway employ to walk all the way to the nearest railway station. Father sent somebody to the nearest station and informed the matter. It averted a major accident. A Good day, a good deed!

[“If you fail, nver give up because F.A.I.L. means ‘First Attempt In Learning’. End is not the end, in fact E.N.D. means ‘Effort Never Dies.’ If you get No as an answer, remember N.O. means ‘Next Opportunity’, So let us be positive.” Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam](#)

My uncle Raman to whom father had entrusted my mother's property at Harippaad was now residing at a place called Neamam, near Trivandrum. One day father took me to Neamam and taught me the route and the bus I must catch to reach uncle. He further introduced me as a student of 'University-college', Trivandrum. He made arrangements with uncle and instructed him to give any amount of money I ask for my education and lodging!

During 1947 – 1948 there took place the first war between India and Pakistan, in the name of Jammu-Kashmir which was then under the rule of a king. The king acceded the state with India. Saying that the majority of public were Muslims, made claim for the land and started the war. Two third of the state came under the governance of India and one-third under the control of Pakistan. Thus, by successfully defending Kashmir, India retained the possession of Kashmir valley, Jammu and Ladak.

On 30th January 1948, 5:17.30 PM, Gandhiji was shot dead at close range by a religion fanatic at Berla House (now known as GANDHISMURTHI). He cheated Gandhiji by just saluting Gandhiji, in the Indian way, took the gun and shot. Knowing the news, the world stood still for a moment. In the radiobroadcast to the nation Nehru said **“Nation’s father is no more.”** (In the condolence message sent by Nethaji Subhash Chandra Bose, to Gandhiji, on the, occasion of the death of Gandhiji’s wife Kasthoorbai, it was he who first called Gandhiji as **“Father of the Nation!”**)

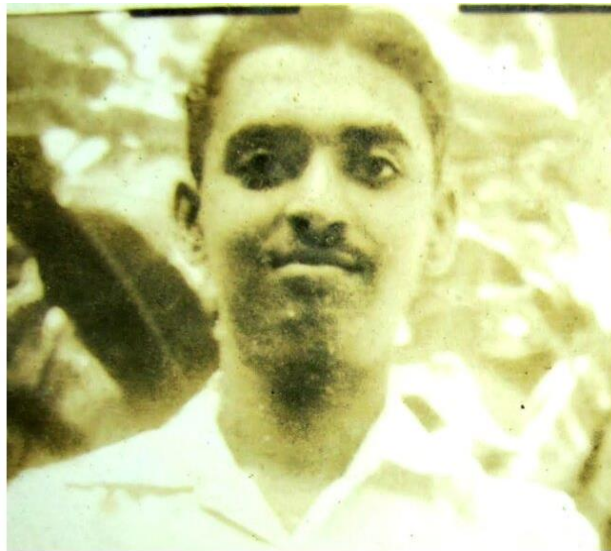


As **“Father of the nation!”** India honours Gandhiji, though such a title is not given to him! “Article 18(1) abolishes all titles. It prohibits the State to confer titles on anybody whether a citizen or a non-citizen. Military and academic distinctions are, however, exempted from the prohibition. Thus, a university can give title or honour on a man of merit.”

On 1st July 1949 merged Travancore and Cochin together and created the state of Thiru-Cochi. The king of Travancore was given the title ‘RAJPRAMUKH’ and made the head of Thiru-Cochi. On November 26, 1949 the constitution of India, prepared by the constituent assembly headed by Dr BR Ambedkar was passed.

During the second year of Intermediate I made some changes. We four students joined together, took a house on rent and started self-cooking. Thus, I too learned the first principles of cooking. The shiftless programme of visiting uncle Raman for getting money from him continued unabated! Few months before final examination my father’s left hand and leg got affected by paralysis. I admitted father in the Government hospital at Quilon. There, the main doctor was a relative of stepmother.

We got a room in the pay-ward. All other members of the family and the servant stayed at the house. I again took refuge on the Quilon-Trivandrum shuttle service. Day-time I spent at Trivandrum and night time I spent at hospital in Quilon! There was no change in my daily programme even when the Intermediate public examination took place. After my examination I too joined Stepmother in the hospital. She was given now and then leave, to go to house house. There came good result for the pains taken for four months. Father regained ability to walk! Left hand also got ability to move except the fist-part. Doctor informed us that in due course that will also become alright, and permitted us to leave the hospital. Within few days father joined duty. Stopped going in trains. engaged in office work only. Since the 'Railway Doctor' certified that father is unfit, records for the 'Premature-retirement' were started moving! Intermediate examination result came out. Out of Part I, Part II and Part III, I failed in all the three Parts. Thus, I accepted my fourth disaster, loosing one more year in education. There after I myself studied all the Parts at home and appeared for the next examination, and passed all the three Parts together!



Ramachandran as an Intermediate student.

The song Jana-gana-mana, written and composed originally in Bangla, by Rabindranath Tagore, Nobel Laureate in literature; was adopted in its Hindi version by the Constituent Assembly as the National Anthem of India on January 24, 1950. The Bangla original 'Bharat Bhagya Bidhata' was first sung on the Day 2 of the annual session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta on December 27, 1911.

National Anthem of India

Jana Gana Mana
Adhinayaka Jay He
Bharata Bhagya Vidhata
Panjab Sindhu Gujarat Maratha

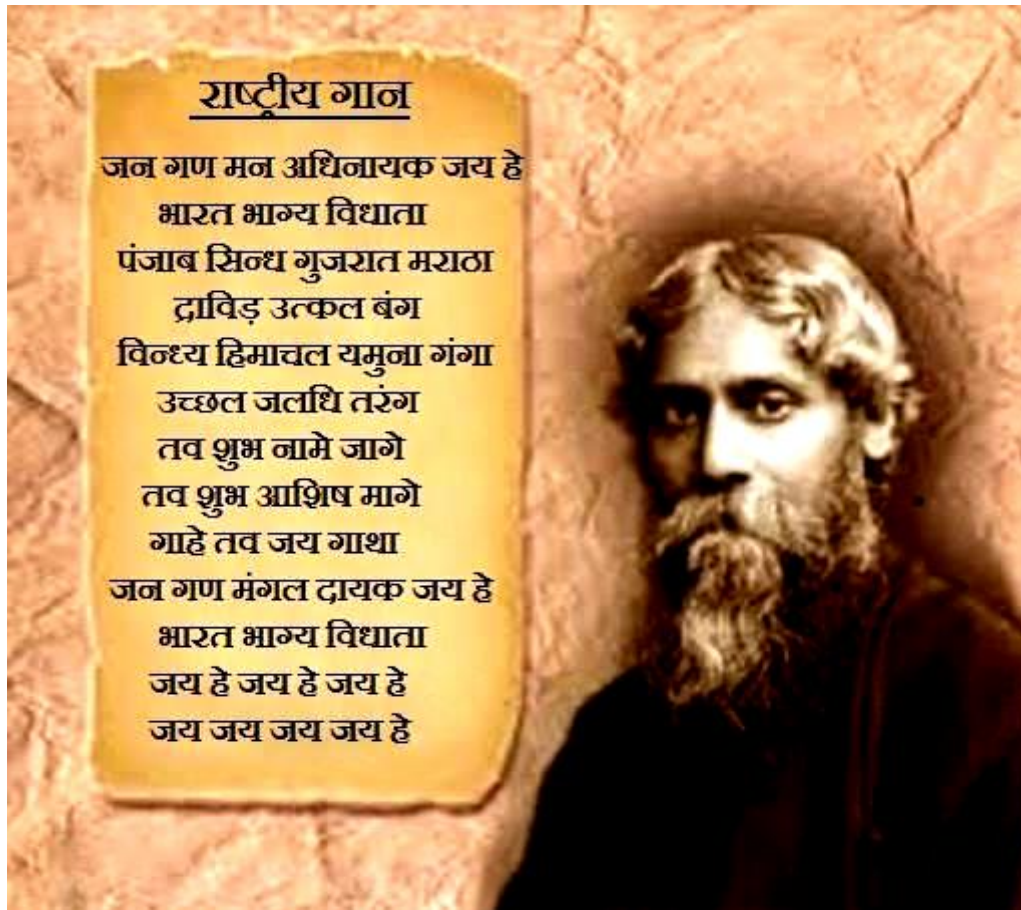
Dravida Utkala Banga
Vindhya Himachal Yamuna Ganga
Uchchala Jaladhi Taranga
Tava Subha Name Jaage
Tave Subha Aashish Mange
Gaahe Tava Jay Gaatha
Jana Gana Mangal Daayak Jay He
Bharat Bhagya Vidhata
Jay he Jay he Jay he
Jay Jay Jay Jay He

The translation of the song goes like this:

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people, Dispenser of India's destiny. The name rouses the hearts of Punjab, Sind, Gujarat and Maratha, Of the Dravid and Orissa and Bengal; It echoes in the hills of the Vindhyas and Himalayas, Mingles in the music of the Yamuna and Ganga And is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea. They pray for thy blessings and sing thy praise. The salvation of all people is in thy hand, Thou dispenser of India's destiny. Victory, victory, victory to thee.

To get the National Anthem, click URL:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HtMF973tXIY>



On 1950 January 16th India became a Republic! Dr Rajendra Prasad became the first president of India.

It took about one year to get sanctioned father's provident-fund, gratuity, arrears of salary and all such benefits! Receiving all those benefits father retired from the railway service. With their four children, father and step-mother shifted their residence to step-mother's house at Pallippaad, and we three brothers who came from Chengannoor shifted our residence back to Chengannoor itself! Got everything managed before the re-opening of schools. Admitted both my brothers in schools at Chengannoor. I got admission at Mahathma Gandhi College, Kesavadasapuram, Trivandrum. It was the first time that for BSc., the science-course with Physics Main was started there. There was heavy rush for admission, as there was seat only for thirty students. As I had good marks for physics in the intermediate examination, I didn't face much problem in getting admission. But there arose a problem. French was not taught as second language in the college. By getting sanction from the university, to appear for the public examination in French, by studying French privately, I solved the problem. The subjects were Physics (main) and Mathematics (subsidiary). All the second-language-periods were 'off' for me. I made proper use of that time for studying something, by sitting at a lonely comfortable place somewhere in the college. The dress of the head of the department of Physics and that of mine were similar, white-pant and white bus-shirt. It was a matter for talk all over the college! It was only a very simple accidental occurrence. (I happen to recollect the first day of my attending the intermediate college long ago! Then also this was my dress. 'Hay KOPPA hay KOPPA', such shouting arose from some student, not much far away from me. It took few days for me to understand that it was directed against me! The feeling could have had been be interpreted in many ways! Sneer, scorn, or contempt, seeing me as an exemption, grudge, so so. Might be for not getting friends to repeat the shouting, the call could not last long. All the students except me were wearing (DOTH) cloth and shirt. There is exceptional cause for my dress being white-pant and bus-shirt! I had already mentioned that my father is employed as a guard in railway. Their uniform is, white-pant and white bus-shirt. Every year the railways supplied the guards, white cloths for stitching pant and shirt to suit their measurements. Since it was an every-year affair he was having plenty of them. The excess cloth available was used to stitch for me too pants and shirts! That's all!)

(Comes out of old memory!)

In Trivandrum I was staying in the city itself. As transport I was using my bicycle. There took place no change in my schedule of going NEMAM to my uncle for getting amount for my expenses! Using the money father got from the railways, he constructed a house in stepmother's property a Pallippaad and they all, father, stepmother, and the three children, shifted their residence to that house.

Since at MG College, the physics-course was newly started we felt the deficiency of many things. The main among them were the absence of equipment highly necessary

for doing practical experiments in the physics laboratory. Therefore the students were not able to do many practical experiments that may be asked for the public examination. There took place not much change during the second year too! However, in the second year I found out a private tuition master to teach me French. On holidays I went to him and learnt French.

{Kindly permit me to report a matter, relevant, that rushes to mind! I felt my name to be too lengthy! K Ramachandran Pillai! I even disliked the title 'Pillai'. Since a relative of my mother, with 'Pillai' title happened to be the one who first admitted me in school I too happened to be one with 'Pillai' title, as I too was awarded the 'Pillai' title. My two brothers happened to be admitted in schools, by my father's relative who possessed the title of 'Kurup' my brothers too happened to have the title 'Kurup'! Children of the same parents have different titles! From this I understood the meaninglessness of the so-called titles! If someone goes to place where his or her whereabouts are not known, changes title, cast creed and even religion and lives, secretly no one will come to know anything more about them! If they learn the cultural, religious and other ethics too of the surrounding people and imitate them it will be hundred percent success! If some case or quarrel develops the police will expose the whole truth! That is the only way by which all hidden truths will be exposed!

I made up my mind to change my name. The initial 'K' is OK, as it is the first letter of my father's name, Kesava Kurup. Felt, not including the first letter of my mother's name is wrong. Thankamma being my mother's name 'T' the first letter of her name is a must. Therefore, the initials must contain the letters K and T. Yet a confusion! Which letter must come first K or T? Ladies first! So let it be 'TK'. Yes, good, confirmed! Now the length of the name must be reduced, but it should not be entirely another name. Removing some letters from the name I made it RAMCHAND! Thus, I fixed the name to be TK RAMCHAND! As the annual examination was fast approaching, and I wanted my new name to appear in the certificate, I rushed up things. I published the matter in the Gazette. In order to make the changes in the university records, I sent a registered letter to the Registrar of the University requesting him to kindly make the changes in the university records. I enclosed a copy of the Gazette in which my advertisement appeared, as proof of the change. (Under the delusion that it is a new name, I spent years few! But, after few years I came to understand that names Ramchand, Premchand and such kinds of names are very common popular names, in northern India!}}

Appeared for the public examination. At Chengannoor I waited with much expectation for the result. Since no reply came from the registrar of the university regarding my change in name, I wrote him again requesting him to see that in the BSc certificate my new name appears. To know the result of the examination that was to be published the next day, I went to Trivandrum the previous day itself. In those days

the only way to know the result was to go to the college concerned. During those days public examination results were not published in newspapers. Out of the thirty students who sat for the examination, only two came out successful passing in all the three parts, Physics, Mathematics and Second language. Somehow, I happened to be one among them! Happily, when I returned home, a news was waiting for me! Someone from a high school in the village named PAANDANAAD in Chengannoor, came in search of me. He left a message that as soon as I return from Trivandrum, I should go to MATAM, meet the Manager and immediately join duty as a teacher. The next day itself I went to PAANDANAAD and joined duty as a high school assistant. Somehow, they ferreted out that there is one physics graduate here, at Chengannoor! I never expected that I will become a teacher! Everything is accidental. How-ever it was very good, that I immediately got an appointment! So, I could admit my brother to an intermediate college in PANDALAM. Do you know, what was my salary?! 55 rupees pay and 15 rupees allowance! Total 70 rupees. I shall just explain what were the acts I have to do with! Fee to college student brother, his to-and-fro busfare between Chengannur and Pandalam, his expenses towards purchase of books and cloths! Every month I used to go to Pallippaad and give father, who was staying without any income, a small amount! Monthly I paid a small amount to Appachi! Then for my noon meal and evening tea. Since my to-and-fro journey of 16 kilo-meters between Chengannoor and Paandanaad was on my bi-cycle, there was no expenses for it! Students and teachers liked me very much. The reason is unknown! Very soon I had a friendship circle! All were teachers of that school. We were four in number. I think the uniting factor was that we all came on bi-cycle. Two came from Thiruvalla. One from my place itself, who got the appointment on my recommendation. If a new Malayalam film is released at Chengannoor or Thiruvalla, our presence was definite even for the first show itself!



Ramchand the teacher. (In the BSc. certificate the name was TK Ramchand!)

The time for the school anniversary was fast approaching. At school anniversary function, there used to be programmes only of students. I took the initiative and introduced a drama by the teachers too. Since I took the initiative I myself was forced to take the main role. (Even from younger days I had an immense affinity towards drama. While I was a fourth form student, I wrote a mini drama. I encouraged a few more students, and performed it. The stage was the road. There were audience too numbering ten to fifteen! After that I appeared as an actor acting any role, in all functions that took place in schools and colleges! Now and then used to get prizes!)

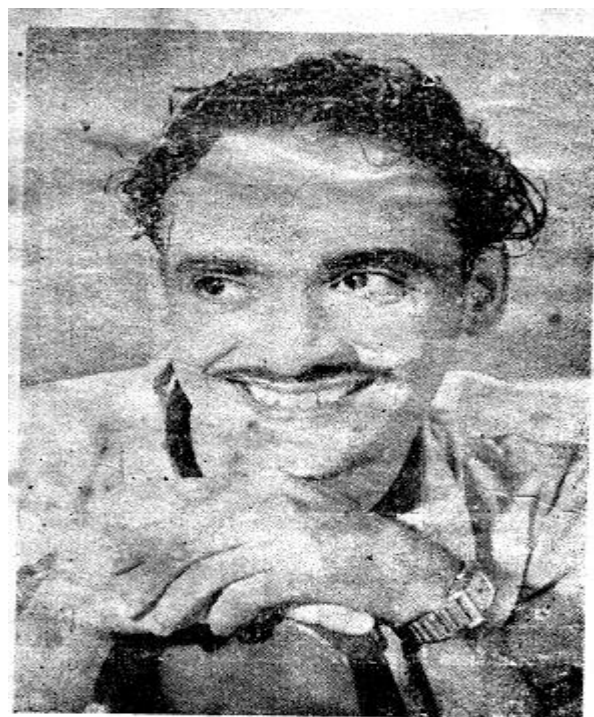
(Thus, ran away four years! I am giving here only few important incidents that took place during those years.)

There was a bathing ghat near the base of the embankment, where the river takes, ninety degrees, turn, where the water flow is in the opposite direction. It was not a time of flood. Hearing a combined big cry from there, I ran to the place, and found that a woman was drowning. Jumped into the river. Swam near her. Caught hold of her hairs and drag her to the shore. Pressing her stomach, managed to vomit some water and thus saved her. (When trying to save a drowning person we must be much careful in saving ourself! We must not give that person a chance to hold you at any place of your body! In their flounder they will unknowingly catch with both hands and hold tight on anything their hands can get in touch with, disabling us to move our limbs! It is dangerous! So, the best places where we can hold a drowning person are legs or hair! We must not give them a chance to touch our body!)

Fifth year I was selected to undergo training in learning how to teach! (The school was an aided one. So, the salary was paid by the Government. So, it was the education department that was selecting untrained teachers in private aided schools.) BT was compulsory. BT hand was not available in physics: that is why I was appointed and approved by the Government. Full salary was paid to the teacher as stipend by the government to the teachers thus selected.) I was relieved from duty at the school. I joined the BT college at Trivandrum, as per the selection. After one month I did not get the stipend! I enquired, but the result was a shock! The stipend is stopped from this year. I was between the horns of a dilemma! I had only two choices. Either continue the studies and re-join the school or resign and try for some other job. I took the matter to father. He pledged Mother's paddy-field to someone and paid me money sufficient to meet my expenses as well as that of my brother who was studying for BSc. (The pity is that the teachers selected to undergo the course next got the stipend! The government changed the rule. The wonder is that a rule came into existence for one year, particularly the year in which I was selected to avoid I getting the stipend! Fifth disaster in my life too played a major role.

On 1 November 1956, the state of Kerala was formed by the States Reorganisation Act merging the Malabar District (excluding the islands of Lakshadweep), Travancore-Cochin (excluding four southern taluks, which were merged with Tamil Nadu), and the taluk of Kasargod, South Kanara with Thiruvananthapuram as the capital.

I participated in the 'Training college day celebrations. It is to be specially mentioned; that I till date not at all participated in sports any, either when I was a school student or when I was a college student; now actively participated in almost all items! Do you know what is the secret behind it? Don't tell anybody! Let it be a secret! Among the Teacher-students, a great majority of them were aged people. Only we a minority were a bit young. I was there in the successful foot-ball team and basket-ball team. Got second place in 1500 meters race and third place in 1000 meters cycle speed race. As usual, in the art section I was to act the main role in drama! Got the best actor award too! The picture given below is that one which appeared in the Training College Magazine!



T. K. Ramchand
(Best Actor)

My contribution to the college magazine was a cartoon! Its image too is reproduced here. The title given **“There is more in it than meets the eye!!!”** is well suited! In accordance with the meaning of the word, you have to go deep into each one's image to ferret out what they mean. The Training College teaching to teach process, is the plot of the cartoon! It is compared to the Indian way of starting the education process of a child! On the lap of the principal sits the teacher-trainee and on the lap of the teacher-trainee sits the child! The principal's hand holds the hand of the teacher-trainee, and the teacher-trainee's hand holds the hand of the child taught writing!

There's more in it than meets the eye !!!



The persons seen in the cartoon are not figures, just born out of imagination! On the other hand, they are all in some capacity related to the training college. They are all cartoon figures of the concerned party! They are all the compilation of the figures I drew with matching countenance, looking at that individual while the class was in progress. There is one year's toil behind it! It is easy to draw a picture, looking at the picture! But very difficult to draw, looking at the live real person, getting the countenance! The teacher-trainee sitting on the lap of the principal is our secretary! {The pictures given here are collected from pictures that actually came in the same magazine in which this cartoon appeared! Compare cartoon with the real pictures.



The fifth and seventh appear as side views in the cartoon. Very small pictures enlarged give only faded images. Now, when I see this cartoon I can't believe my eyes, I can't remember how I drew them, I wonder! Nobody in the world might have ever drawn such a cartoon with so many characters (more than forty), all having countenance with that of the real person! [It might have been the cartoons I saw while we were at Kayamkulam that prompted me to undertake the venture. Afterwards once I bought a book on cartoon drawing and tried to develop the talent. Somehow, I did not succeed in that attempt. When I drew them, I had no plan to make it a cartoon for the magazine. I just drew while the class was going on. Simply as a fantasy! Once the first attempt succeeded in catching the countenance, more attempts followed throughout the year! The idea of making it a cartoon to be published in the college magazine struck me only one or two months before the final examination. On what ground, I will co-ordinate them into a whole, haunted me for weeks and weeks. Finally, one day the title "Teaching to teach" flashed in my brain and I immediately noted it down to avoid forgetting it! There after I had the definite concept of the arrangement of the figures. Finally, I submitted it to the magazine committee. When the magazine came out, Och! the cartoon was really creating a sense of wonder among the teacher- students and staff! Only, they could understand the meaning of what is written here and there in the cartoon. All might have noticed the tear drops falling from the eyes of the child! But no one might have noticed the cane kept on the leaf!

After the BT examination I re-joined the school, and began to get salary! One day a friend of mine, a distant relative Bhasker near Appachi's house, enquired me if I am ready to go as headmaster of an aided private High School, just upgraded from middle school status. Those with progressive ideas used to meet now and the at his house. Sometimes I had also participated in the gathering. The school was in a place



Bhasker

called VENKURINJI near Erumeli town. The minimum qualification for the post was BT with five years teaching service! I was having the qualification. It was an SNDP School, but not related to the Main SNDP corporation. The school management was of progressive ideas. They used to attend the gathering at Bhasker's house. They wanted a

progressive minded man as the headmaster. I agreed. They demanded 1000 Rupees donation to the building fund. I said I am not in a position to pay any money. Then Bhasker intervened and said he will pay the money. Thus, the deal was fixed. With the consent of the managers of the present school and that of the new school, and with Government approval, I got transferred to the new school and I took charge as The Headmaster of SNDP High School, Venkurinji. Thus, I became the youngest HIGH SCHOOL HEADMASTER of Kerala. May be the youngest High School Headmaster of the world! The position is good! But I will not be eligible for the salary of a High school Headmaster. To become eligible for the salary of a High School headmaster, one should have ten years' service. However, am I not the most fortunate man in the world?! When passed BSc., invitation comes for appointment! When Passed BT., invitation comes for appointment as Headmaster of a high school! I

will be getting only the salary of a High School Assistant plus some 30 rupees as headmaster's allowance. Recently there was a salary revision. The pay of a High School Assistant was fixed at Rs. 90, and allowance Rs. 33.

The school was far interior of a village. Once you alight the bus, you had to walk two kilo meters to reach the school. Jeep too was not available. There was no house or room available for me to stay. The office room was a separate very small building, the first building ever constructed by them! It consisted of the office room with a sloping apartment. I had to settle down myself in the sloping apartment! They vacated it for me! Management, arranged a cot for me! The forest and stream nearby were a boon, to satisfy other natural necessities of a human being! I who took bath in Pampa river found it a bit anomaly for a few days, to take bath by pouring water on the head, using a vessel; for there, having places very rare for fully immersing the whole body of a man! But soon the feeling was transferred to that of living in Trivandrum where well water was used! A tea shop just nearby, promised to arrange everyday all my food, requirements! The teashop owner himself too was a member of the school managing committee! The main school building contained five fully finished rooms ready!



EVEN IN SUMMER IT DIDN'T DRY! IT RETAINED WATER FOR MAN'S SURVIVAL!

The school was started with contributions from the local population. More than 90% of the population belonged to Scheduled Castes, Scheduled Tribes and Other Backward Communities! (There were classes from Form one to Form four. This school ranked number one in Kerala, as the greatest lump-sum grant distributor to students belonging to backward communities! There were Muslim girls too to receive their grant!) On the backside of the school there was a big rock. So, the school building was constructed on granite, using mud as mortar and then the outside pointed with cement! As the forest was nearby, wood also easily available!) Almost all of the public were poor! Those who studied paying fees were countable on fingers. The District Educational Office was very far away at Pathanamthitta. The fees collected was to be

remitted in the Treasury at Pathanamthitta. It is the duty of of the headmaster. Sometimes, I had to spend more amount on bus-fare and other expenses to the peon who does the job of remitting the fees at the treasury! The management had no money, even to by chalk for the school. I had to spend that amount from my pocket. But their sincerity towards the school negated all the drawbacks and failures!

The Management, the staff and students of the school, and the Public were all very co-operative! I fully co-operated with them in whatever way I can! An inexperienced man was appointed as the clerk as he donated a big sum to the Management. So, I had to do the work done by a clerk, besides teaching the clerk how to do it! As the manager was not an educated man, I had to do all the correspondence of the Manager with the Government and the District Educational Officer. When one peon is sent to Pathanamthitta on official duty, there had been circumstances enough, when I had to do the duty of the peon! With patience I somehow managed everything in order. Often, I too had to visit DEO office for clearing their doubts! Every month, after the salary disbursement, I had to sign without getting any money!

Here too I continued to use the white dress, that I followed in colleges and Paandanaad school. (At school, sometimes the cloth replaced the pant.) One day a strange thing happened in the school! As the classes were going on, a snake appeared in a class. Helter-skelter students ran out, some even through the window! I was walking on the veranda. Immediately I reached the place. Teacher stood on the chair. Some girl students on the table. Others on the benches and desks. The snake was found on a corner, slowly moving. As I was in pants, happened to use shoes that day. I slowly went to the corner and took aim of its head, a quick hit on its head kept pressed for some time! The snake's tail portions tried to encircle the leg, but could not, as my other leg was also nearby. When I removed my leg the head of the snake was well flattened. Then the students took charge of it. "The headmaster tread and killed a snake!" The news flashed everywhere! The school headmaster turns a hero and famous!

(There was a short-cut through the forest which could save you half a kilo metre. Therefore, many prefer this route. One day I alone was walking through the forest. I don't know what happened! When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the ground! Suddenly I got up. There were no one else! I made it sure that I fainted and fell down! I might not have been unconscious for a long time. The absence of any one else is guarantee for that fact. I walked and reached the school. I didn't tell anybody about the incidence. If I had told, that news also would have reverberated among the public. This might have happened a few years later. I have no idea when it occurred.)

School anniversary was fast approaching. Besides the games, sports and arts by the students, a drama by the teachers was also included in the anniversary programme! In the drama I took the main role. The admission of the public to the teachers' drama, was with tickets. Teachers and students sold the tickets in advance as a donation to a great cause! The collection got was donated to the management. After annual

examination, the result was published. Among the failed, some were the children of the managing committee too. Since the parents were not educated people, we were afraid, if some problem crop-up. But nothing happened!

Fifth form must be started. But there is no room. The management used to collect donations from the prospective teachers. The manager enquired me the number of teachers that can be newly appointed. I gave the list. There will be correspondence between the school and DEO office even during the annual vacation. So, the headmaster's presence in the school is a must, even during annual vacation. (Someone reminded me that Bhasker had not paid 1000 rupees for me. Immediately I joined a chit of 2000 Rupees, and got the money with a loss of 1000 rupees, and paid the amount to the management and thus saved the face! I had been thinking that Bhasker might have paid the amount!) Before the reopening of the school there arose on the rock a four class-room building, with two class rooms fully furnished. For want of money two class rooms were left as unfinished!

By the bye, my younger brother passed BSc. I informed Brother Patchu at Bangalore and requested him to arrange a job for him. I further informed him that Physics (Main) and Mathematics (sub.) were his subjects. Meanwhile Brother Patchu had been promoted to the status of a Major in the military.

There were a number of rubber estates all around. Therefor rubber tappers were most of the people all around. It is interesting to know how rubber is collected!



One man tapping the rubber is seen here.



Tapped tree.

A sloping tear is made on the skin of the tree to facilitate the flow of the milk of rubber! It is collected in a coconut shell. The next morning milk in the shell is collected. The dried rubber strip on the slope removed and collected separately and a very thin slip is again removed by slit the dried-up slope to facilitate new flow of milk. The plastic skirt prevents water falling on the milk when the is rain.

The collected rubber milk is hardened by mixing it with formic acid. It is then squeezed in a die to remove water, and to get the particular shape. Then it is dried in the sun or otherwise and stored to be made into different products.



TC issuing and admissions are to be completed before the reopening of the schools. In all classes there were unprecedented increase in the number of admissions! Only few applied for TC. The manager advertised calling applications from qualified teachers. But will appoint those without BT, for they will give donation. It was thus the money was made for the construction. Advertised, but no qualified teacher applied. Is the argument the management makes. Those qualified if applies they will be somehow persuaded to withdraw their application or to pay the donation for the construction! So, the newly appointed will get sanction only very late. Since I happened to do the correspondence for the manager their complains were to me! They got approved only by the school year end.

As per information received from brother Patchu, brother who passed BSc. with Physics was sent to Barrackpure, Calcutta and got appointment there in a company.

Brother Bhasker took me to his wife's house, at KUTTANAATE famous for very very vast paddy fields and known as Kerala's "NELLARA" (Paddy room). {In India it is the most-deep-below-place; than-the ocean-level! Out of the rare places where cultivation is conducted up to three metres deep below the ocean level, this is one in the world! It is here four big rivers of Kerala reach the ocean!



Vast Kuttanaatan paddy fields!

Punnamada back-waters where the famous Nehru-trophy boat-race takes place is situated here! Today's, famous luxury house-boats were not there in those days. Very big boats were used only for carrying goods!

Present day house boats!



Bed room in house-boat



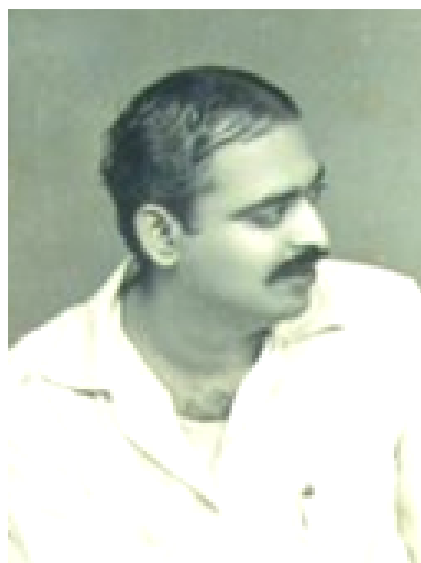
Dining room in house-boat

It is worth knowing the meaning of the Malayalam word “KETTUVALLAM”. ‘Kette’ means ‘knot’. The boat was made without using a single Nail! The wooden pieces are attached one-another by fastening them together using Coconut fibre and coir. Knots will be there where ever necessary. As the boat is made by tight fastening and knots it is called fastened-boat (KETTUVALLAM).}

It is heard that one had to change a number of buses to reach the place. Here we had to change a number of boats to reach the destination! After some time, he took me to his neighbour’s house. A girl came and presented me a cup of coffee. It was then

only I understood the story behind his invitation to his wife's house. The girl was too bulky, twice my size. Then back at his house he explained the attractive offers made by the parents of the girl. 'A girl of sea to a boy of mountain.' They wanted my opinion. I escaped the scene saying that I want time to think! Bhasker was trying to help me as he knew my financial difficulties.

The school reopened. Those who got promoted from Fourth Form, were led to Fifth Form and the process continued still it reached Form One. New students were admitted to Form One. Since more students were to be admitted, the unfinished two class rooms too were made usable with sufficient furniture. School started in full swing!



Ramchand as High School Headmaster:

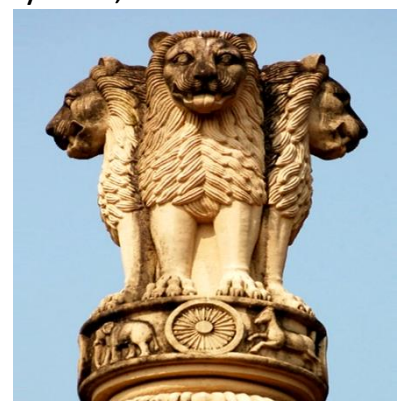
The year in which Fifth Form was sanctioned also went on smoothly as usual. Expecting extra ordinary increase, the admissions decision was taken to construct a four class-room building. It was constructed on the slope of the rock. There were two divisions for all classes. Thus, it transformed itself into a complete High School. As it was Public Examination in Sixth Form, I applied The Education Department to sanction a Centre in our school too to conduct public examination. The department accepted my request and sanctioned the Centre. Thus, under my supervision, the first public examination took place at Venkuringi school. Though 90 percent of the students were from backward communities, the result was satisfactory!

As father expressed his wish to stay with me, I made arrangements for that too, and shifted his family to Venkuringi. Children were admitted to the school. I had much financial strain. I had to join a chit of 10000. Step mother also gave me few thousand rupees. Father sold the paddy field of our mother, which he had mortgaged and got money for my BT course studies. He gave that to me.

I am not remembering when it took place. One day when we three brothers were present at Appachi' house, my uncle Raman whom I used to visit to get money came there with a document and asked us to sign it. It was a document for transferring mother's property to him for the money I received from him. I was perplexed and didn't know what to do! I never knew anything about the conditions on which he had been paying the money to me! I never knew that they were on the property. I thought it was on the income from the property. Father never talked to us anything about our mother's properties. We were all quite ignorant about them. My knowledge about them were mere news I overheard someone speaking about them. I didn't ever, knew, if father had any legal right to negotiate on mother's properties. Uncle Raman too never talked to me anything legal, about the properties. I was not keeping any account on the money I received from uncle! No one ever asked me to keep an account. Father never asked me to do so. I do not know if Uncle Raman was keeping any account on my transactions with me. He never asked me to sign any papers. We have had no documents with us to prove that the property belonged to mother. For four years my studies, I met all my expenses with money he paid, even though I had to suffer a lot to get the money collected! I, approached Appachi and took her advice. She advised us all, to sign the document, without questioning him, nor uttering a single word! We all signed it and gave him! He left quite satisfied! I still have a guilty conscious, a feeling that I used my brothers' shares too for my education. But, in case of my first brother, I am satisfied as he too studied well and got employed under my guardianship! But the second brother though took few more years, somehow reached sixth form, only to fail and fail till attempt stopped! It was my seventh disaster! It still lingers on me!

China attacked India! India never expected that China will do so! International boundary question was the main problem. India fought with all might, though India was not prepared for a war. It lasted for one month. In the end China itself declared a ceasefire retaining with them some conquered areas, thus coming into existence a LINE OF ACTUAL CONTROL (LAC)!

On August 15, 1950 Republic of India's own coin came out! Till then coins the old coins of the British rule with the portrait of the king, was continuing as legal coin! Till the old coins were completely withdrawn, both the coins were considered legal! New coins too were in Anna, Paisa series. Removing the portrait of the king, instead used the top of the Ashoka Pillar. From April 1, 1957, the decimal system, in which calculations are easy to make was introduced! Instead of one rupee equal to 16 annas or 64 paise, made it equal to 100 nayapaisa! Naya was added to differentiate the new paisa with that of the old one. Till the annas and paisa were completely withdrawn, both the coins continued legal. From 1968 new coins are known without 'NAYA' as mere paisa.



Through the years from 1955 to 1962 all the measurements in British system were, slowly, step by step, changed into Metric System!

Long back when I dealt with Aaranmula boat play, I forgot to tell an important point. I didn't mention about the famous feast! To all those who come in CHUNTANVALLAM the temple gave a feast. It is world famous because of the number of curries(dishes)



provided in the feast! Sometimes, Hundred and one curries (dishes)! (The SNAKE BOATS (inEnglish) are related to the temple and are known as PALLIYOTAM.)



PALLIYOTANGAL



Entrance to the temple from the river PUMPA!

The Valla Sadya is linked to rituals and legends that are centuries old. It is primarily conducted as an offering and serves the rowers of palliyodams that accompany Thiruvonathoni. The total number of dishes may vary. It depends on the person who is giving the offering. It may sometimes go up to 101.

In those days, in almost all the houses, the parents had eight, ten to twelve children! It was then considered as a gift of God! Poverty was prevalent in most of these houses! I wrote a Malayalam short play depicting the sufferings such families are undergoing financially, health-wise and education-wise! The Malayalam title 'INGANE AAYAAL ENGANE?! (WHAT, IF CONTINUED LIKE THIS?!)' was catchy! The Government selected it for propaganda purposes. But the matter didn't materialise. Election came, the government changed. The new government introduced Family planning!

When I was in the High School, there was a subject called "NATURE STUDY". When the teacher was teaching about the pollination in plants, he happened to mention something about PAPAYA TREE. As then I was quite inquisitive all he told rushes to my mind. From the stamen of a flower, pollen falls on the stigma of the same flower and it is thus usually pollination takes place and the flower become fertile! But we can even see, some plants, producing separate male and female flowers and pollination taking place! For example, take coconut tree. Its bunch of flowers contains both male and female flowers! The small flowers seen are male flowers and the big one female flowers!



But in the case of papaya, the tree itself turns into Male and Female, and thus there is Male Papaya tree and Female Papaya tree, male papaya tree producing only male flowers and the female papaya tree producing only female flowers! In case of female and male papaya trees the flowers are formed differently at different places. Better than explaining them it is better to show them in pictures. They will reveal more!



Male flower



Female flower

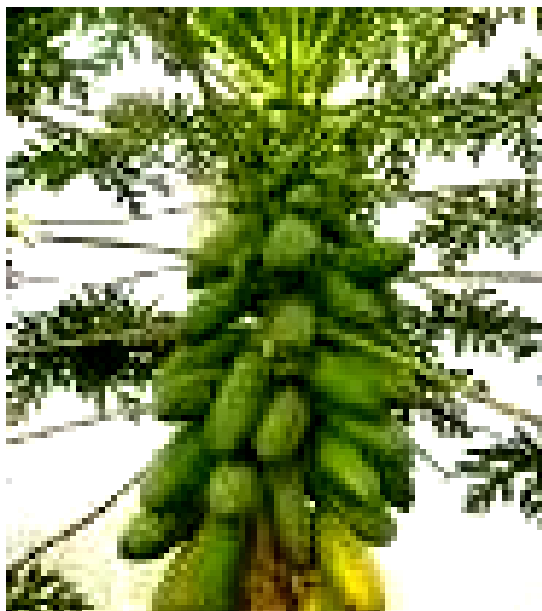
What is wonderful is that there are papaya trees which are bisexual! Hermaphrodite papaya trees being a combination of both male and female, is having both stamen



Female papaya tree



Male papaya tree



Bisexual papaya tree



Male papaya tree changed into female tree

and pistil, there is no need for pollination! If thought what is the queerness, it is that during summer seasons or when the top of the male tree is cropped off, it has the ability to transform itself into female tree! The change may sometimes be temporary or sometimes be permanent! Nature's scamp! It was by chance that the teacher happened to mention so much on papaya. It was not included in the syllabus! However, his reference aroused my curiosity! "Are there Hermaphrodites among animals too?" came in my enquiry! "It exists in some backbone-less creatures!" thus came the reply.

Traces of his casual talk then, on changing one sex to the other, still lingering in my brain, might have been the matter that prompted me to write a scientific fiction novel in English, titled '**Medicine-For-Baldness, And, How-To Change sex!**'! The theme I selected for the novel was one which nobody had not yet handled! Estrogen is a steroid hormone associated with the female reproductive organs and is responsible for developing female sexual characteristics. The hairs of females not falling off from the head and turning bald is because of the presence of Estrogen. A company sold their pills throughout the world, giving great advertisements that they have invented the best medicine to remove baldness. It was Estrogen pills that they sold as medicine for baldness. Within a few months, for many, hairs began to grow on bald head! Demand increased manyfold for the pills. It created such a stage that the pills were available only in the black-market! Months passed on quickly, and more quickly. Estrogen continued and continued its work! Here and there in few, female symptoms begin to appear. Months rushed away! The world slipped into the grip of a great catastrophe! Here and there one or two turned into full female! Many turned eunuch.....Thus goes on the story! Good! Suitable theme for a scientific fiction film! I must get hold of some Hollywood film producer! My mind began to search out a way!

How to contact one?! What is the way to get an address of the American producer? My mind ferreted out all the corners of my brain! Finally, it picked up a distant relative of mine, a journalist working in Bombay. Journalist! Surely, he will be able to collect few addresses, of producers. I collected the address of the journalist by going to his house. Letter will delay the progress. So, decided to go to Bombay. Once selected by an American producer, then it will be a flow of money and money to my hands! I will throw the money to them, and walk with a raised head! 'Chalo Bombay!' If story is merely sent somebody, they may lift it without our knowledge. So, first copyright must be registered in America.

Reached Bombay. Found out brother. I requested him, to get me the Registrar's Copyrights address in America, and the addresses of few producers. He promptly obliged. A second-hand portable typewriter came for sale. I bought it at a cheap rate. Instead of sending hand-written novel it is better to send typed novel. That is why I bought it. I started my return journey. From Madas railway station bookstall I bought two books. One was typewriting self-study course and the other on Cinema! I read the book on cinema on the train itself. After reaching home whenever I was free from school duty and got time, I learnt typewriting in the correct way as given in the self-instructor. Meanwhile sent letters to the producers. They all promptly replied. All were the same content! They accept stories only from their agents! So, the search to get address of agents went on. Typing of the novel progressed slowly.

Stepmother's first son who was studying in Pandalam college, was unwilling to continue his studies. He wanted to stop studies and do some job! Through brother Patchu, tried to get him selected in the army. At the second attempt he got selected. But after few months he skulked from the military quarters and never returned. If caught it will carry punishment according to the military rules. Brothers Patchu and Bhaskaran felt ashamed! It was my eighth disaster!

Suddenly father fell ill. He was admitted in an hospital at PANDALAM. After one week the chief doctor asked me to take him home. I took him to Appachi's house at Chengannoor. Within a few days, father breathed his last! At that time, I was sitting on a chair, near him. Still, I don't know what really happened! Something started from my leg, felt it moving upwards. It travelled through the body to the head and then suddenly vanished! A, Mental Feel! It may be! I didn't weep! I didn't have had felt the feeling of weeping! Did everything Appachi asked us to do in connection with the death, rituals and feast on the 16th day! With father's death the ninth disaster too hovered about!

One day while reading the news-paper, by chance I happened to see an advertisement! An advertisement by the Film and Television of India, Poona!

Didn't wait even for a second! Put in an application for Film Direction course! Came Hall-Ticket to sit for the selection examination! With the book on cinema in hand, caught the train to Madras! In the train read the whole book once more! Reached Madras Station! Took a room in a hotel near the station! Completed the routine programmes! Reached The Senate House of the Madras University, situated near the Marina Beach and wrote the examination! Wrote excellently well about the veterans in the film world! About Eisenstein and Pudovkin, the Russians who taught us in film editing, the fundamentals ABC of montage and the Indian film director Sathyajit Ray!



Eisenstein



Pudovkin



Bharath Rethna Sathyajit Ray

Explaining about the mesmerising effect that the montage brings about in the silent film Battleship Potemkin! Praising the simplicity of, and reality depiction in the Sathyjit Ray films PadharPanchali and Aparajito! Etc, Etc! {Different different small small shots of different lengths, joined together in a peculiar particular order, creating the decided-sensation, which is necessary to be built in the mind of the audience (love, fear, hatred, sorrow, happiness, hallucination etc.): that creative process is known as montage!} After reaching home made the typing of the novel as fast as possible!

The activities of the school continued as usual without any hitch or problem!

As expected, the invitation to participate in the interview came. With the typed novel I attended the interview. They didn't ask me anything specially! Turning the pages here and there, few questions based on it were asked. To those questions I gave the correct answers too! Those questions might have been asked to check to ascertain if I am the real author of the novel! "We shall inform you the result, within a few days." They informed. I returned to Venkurinji.

After about two weeks, Letter came from the Film Institute, informing me that I am selected! It for the informed the of joining, and the amount to be paid as fees, while joining. Thereafter the matters moved quickly.

It was the annual vacation time. It is not right on my part, leaving stepmother and children at Venkurunji and I leaving for a three years course. Decision making,

planning, immediate implementation has become the fashion of the following days! Searched for a house on rent as near as that of Appachi's house. Got a convenient house at Aaranmula, near the Pampa river. Took it on rent. Sold Venkurinji house and property for the cost price. Shifted stepmother and children to Aaranmula house. I issued Transfer Certificates to the children, to nearby schools at Aaranmula house. Gave her money to buy a small house and sufficient money for the family's expenses for one year. Money must be made for my three years study at Poona film Institute; money for stepmother's future expense, and the money for clearing the chitty dues; any way money must be made.

I made up my mind to make use of the last possibility chance in my hand! Marry! Thought of the requirements the girl should have! "I am jumping into an industry where I will not get monthly income. There for the girl should be at least a graduate, employed and getting monthly income. No golden ornaments required for the girl. Marriage can be Registered Marriage. No properties to be partitioned and given to her. The parents of the girl must be ready to spend Rupees 30, 000 as a help for me in three years. That means Rupees 10,000 rupees a year. That too can be paid in two instalments, 5000 each! I have to clear some bad debts immediately. If money is made by the mortgaging of properties, they can be taken back when I start getting remunerations in the industry."

I found out a suitable marriage-broker. Told him my requirements, better say taught him! Asked him to find out one suitable girl as early as possible. Prepared an application for three years study-leave, and sent it to The District Educational Officer by registered post. I handed over the charge to my assistant. As it was annual vacation, there were only few students. Yet, there were present a huge crowd, including some staff and the Management Committee Members, to see me off! They were all very very sad to see me leave. (My position there was not that of a mere High School Headmaster! I was a semi-God for many!) {After becoming a Film Director, I will one day come with my first picture, to see you all. I will arrange a free show for you, in the nearby theatre! To them, my mind murmured in me!} The Manager embraced me! With my bag and baggage, I entered the jeep that was waiting for me. I waved my hands at the crowd. They all returned the gesture! Then the jeep left the place.

Reached Aaranmula House, took the big trunk box and bedding from there. Went to Chengannoor and took the blessings of Appachi and then reached the railway station, caught the train and started the journey to Poona.

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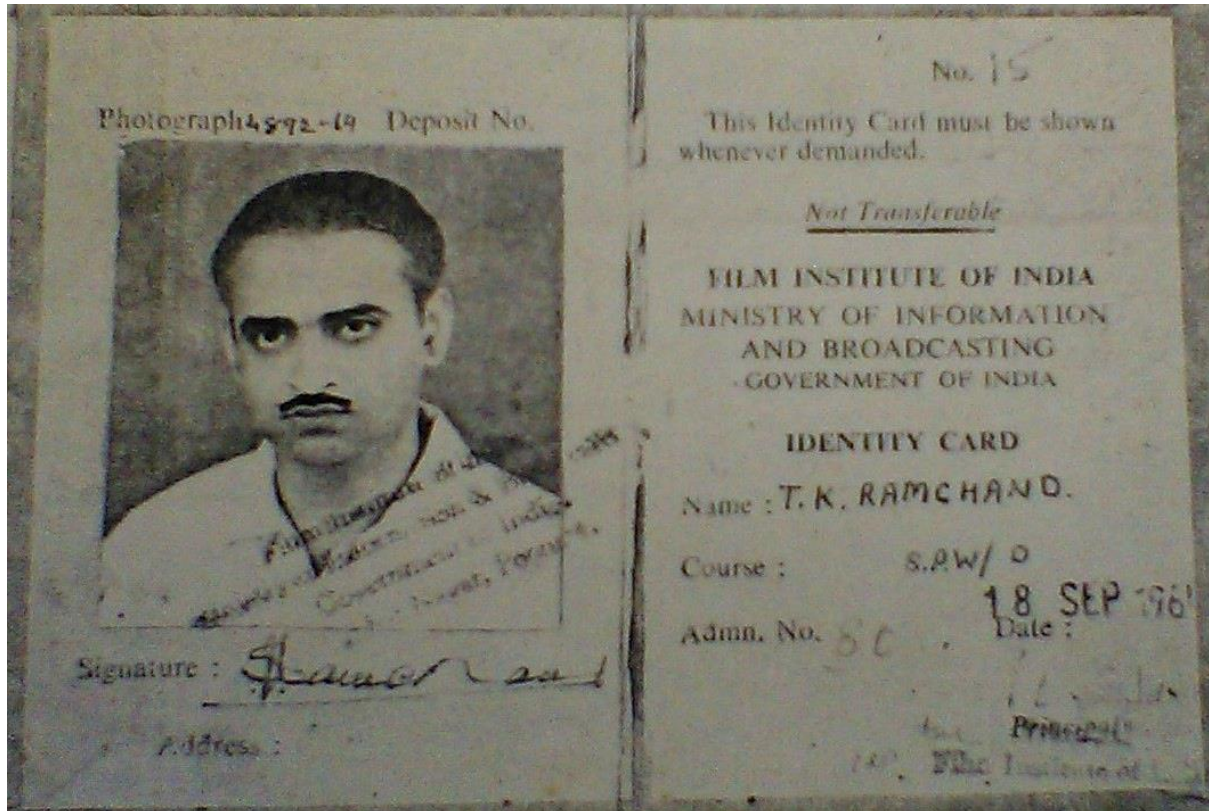


Thoughts Flux!

JUICE MEAGRE, FIBRE GALORE!

Got down at Poona station. In a lodge took a room on daily rent basis. It was two to three kilo meters away from the Film Institute. The next day I had to join the Institute. I went to the institute, paid the fees. Got the identity card.

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In the institute office there was a person from my state. I befriended him. I enquired about the lodging facilities available near the institute. From him I got the following information. "The institute has no hostel. Law college hostel is nearby. It is a very old building. If there are rooms vacant, they will be allotted to other college students too. You try there." I inquired. No room vacant. There is one room vacant which no one is ready to occupy. I became inquisitive and ferreted out the details. I came to understand that, after last year's annual examination, the student who stayed in that room hanged himself in that room. That is why nobody came forward to occupy that room. I didn't waste time. Soon, I met the authorities concerned and told them, that I am ready to occupy that room. Kindly allot it to me and give me admission to the hostel. They were happy. I remitted the charges. They handed over the key to me. I too became happy.

The next day I shifted to the room in the hostel. With bag and baggage, I reached the front of the room. When I opened the room, I saw on the table, few books and

a leather purse of the diseased, eagerly waiting to receive me. When I opened the book, I found it was biology. He was not a law college student. When I opened the purse, I found it was empty. There might have been money in it. Somebody might have snatched it! There was a small broom there. With it I cleaned the room. Kept the books and purse of the diseased, on the floor at a corner of the room. It was only walking distance to the canteen. Went there and took my dinner. In the night I had a comfortable sleep. In the morning I examined me to find out if I am alive or not! I was alive. No devil or satan, demon or ghost came and did nothing on me. These are all mere superstitions. Sometimes, if a person with fear, winced, the result may be appalling!

There was film projection almost all days. Films famous, from different nations spread all over the world! We had to prepare our notes on them. There were courses in direction, editing, cinematography, sound recording and acting. To see films in the theatres in the city, we had to pay only half the charges. It was sufficient to show the identity card issued to us by the institute.

To my memory, rushes one thing that caught my attention. In, shops ordinary, the cost of tea, was ten paisa. Its quantity was so little that it took only one eighth of the glass to contain! But, once you sip it, you will feel that you have taken tea! It was so good to taste! To my eyes that is callous with sights of people drinking a glass-full of para-boiled water, supposed to be tea; it was a sight pageant!

Among those who procured admission to the film institute, there were MBBS doctors, engineering graduates, MABL degree holders, what to say.... there were very high degree holders! Since the admitted students come from different parts of India, it may be said that the film institute represents a mini-image of the Indian culture! I didn't have had in HINDI, other than the little knowledge I acquired in self- study, through a self-study book I purchased! There was a subject 'Film Appreciation'. It was a subject common to all the students admitted in a particular year. Though studying different subjects, for this class all of them come together and assemble in the same hall. The first time when we assembled in such a class, as part of mutual introduction, the professor wanted each one of us to present an item we could. Each one demonstrated according to their ability. When my turn came, I sang Muhammed Rafi's famous song 'OH DUNIYA KE REKHVALE SUN DERD BHARE MERA NAALE ----'. When finished singing there arose clapping continuously for a long time. I was afraid, how far, I who do not know Hindi could succeed in singing a Hindi song, before an audience made up of a huge majority of students whose mother tongue is Hindi! However, I didn't renounce my courage; so much was my passion towards that song!

It, turned out really a botheration,
answering to the questions showered upon me by my friends who visited me,

explaining to them the story of the books and the purse left at the corner of the room! It was too horrible to bear. At any rate, in order to avoid that botheration

I thought of taking it and throwing it away. But, a doubt! One fine morning, if the relatives of the diseased boy come, and demand the books!? Didn't waste time! I opened my box, took all those books and put them into it, closed and locked the box!

When I got leave continuously for a few days, I caught the train to my native place. As I was a student, I was eligible for railway concession! I reached native place. "Before returning, marriage fixation must be achieved." The Broker showed few photographs. Out of them I selected one. A girl who was a teacher! Authorized him to contact the relatives of the girl and inform them the matter. To come out of the serious problems, minimum how many rupees required? I calculated! "For the next two years of study 10,000, initial expenses for starting a feature film 10,000, to give to step mother 5000, amount to clear bad debts 5000, thus a total of 30,000 rupees is required." When I go to see the girl, there should be some aged relative members also should be with me, I felt. Cousin-brother Raghavan is there. Who from my mother's side? At Pallippad, there were a brother and sister of ma. I made up my mind to have Ma's sister's husband with me. In a car I went to Pallippad and took him with me when I went to Chaarummood to see the girl. I don't remember whether uncle was with me or not. We reached the girl's house by four O'clock in the evening. The girl had been to the school. After some time, we saw the girl returning home. Within no time the official seeing of the girl also took place.

The next day, on a bicycle, I myself, alone went to the house of the girl. Chengannor to Chaarummood are very distant places. I met the girl's father and talked to him. I frankly openly told him all my problems. "For continuing my studies for two more years, for clearing some bad debts, to give to my step mother and so on, I require 30,000 rupees. There is no one to help me financially. There is no other way to manage money. Need not give any share to the girl. Don't spend any money for marriage. A register-marriage is sufficient for me. No need for gold ornaments for the girl. If you are making money by mortgaging, or selling some properties, I shall get back them spending the amount required, when I begin to get income." He thought for a while, and then said. "Let me think about it. You just come tomorrow. I shall give you a reply." "What is the teacher's name?" The reply came! "And what is your name?" I gave the reply. He just smiled! The reaction of finding the same name for calling us at home! I returned on the bicycle.

Uncle didn't like that relationship. Cousin-brother Raghavan said, "Do you like? That is sufficient. You need not care others' opinions." As fixed, I went to Charummood, the next day. The father of the girl said: "Money shall be given, but not possible to give the whole in a single instalment." Quickly I replied, "No, not necessary. 10,000 I require only after my studies: that is after more than two

years. The immediate necessity is to clear bad debts. For that I require 5000 rupees. For my studies you need give me only 5000, 5000 the next two years. The other 5000 is intended give to my step mother.” “If so, somehow, it can be managed.” He agreed! I expressed my desire to have the fixation, before I leave to Poona. “Not fixation! It is exchange of rings! Like marriage itself. Photo also must be taken!” I turned happy! “Is it not one which involves transaction of money? Let the tie be well tight! He might have thought so.” In me, my mind murmured! Then itself, date and time for the exchange of rings too was fixed. “Is it not sufficient that two or three came from our side?” I inquired. “No, is it not like marriage? Community local secretary and few locals also should be there present. You must bring a ring too. Her finger measurement shall be given.” With finger measurement I returned. I did not inform uncle, the outcomes.

On the date fixed, in a small van full of persons, I reached Charummood. The karma of exchange of rings took place in benediction. Thus, I got a girl-friend! there was super feast. Those who came in van were sent back in it to Chengannoor. Since the father of my girl-friend wanted me stay back in order to take a photo with her, I did so. He took us to a studio at Kayamkulam and took the photograph, we together sitting. Directly from there, I caught a bus to Chengannoor. They father and daughter returned to Charummood. The next day I was leaving to Poona. My girl-friend and her father were present at the railway station to see me off. We exchanged our addresses. The train came. I got in. Within a few minutes the train started its journey. Showing ‘Ta-ta’ we departed.

Reaching Poona, I reported the news of “rings exchange’ to all my friends. Into the unbounded deep sky, my mind flew to higher and higher heights, to distances endless! All problems stand resolved! Girl friend’s father will give enough money as and when required, according to my need! In leaps and bounds, my mind pranced exulted! Never in my life, I ever enjoyed such a peace of mind! “I will become a great director! I will become famous! I myself will produce pictures! Will make plenty of money! Will purchase car! Will construct palace-like building! Will bring girlfriend’s parents too, to live with us! Will construct houses to stepmother and children! With my girlfriend I will fly and see the whole world!” Seeing, such thousands and thousands, dreams, I stood enthralled!

Every day I used to check the post for letter! “No letter today! Tomorrow there will be!” As days so passed, one day, there came a big cover! “Definitely this is photo!” In haste, I opened to see it! “Yes! That photo: taken on that day!” “It looks pretty!” Showed it all friends, by taking it to them! All congratulated me! Enclosed there was a letter too that from my girl-friend. Read it to the brim of my mind. Again, and again repeated reading! A number of times! Everything has turned pretty good! Day by day my inner mind was thrilled with happiness great and great!

A thing that was to be told earlier, now come to my memory! After few weeks of joining the institute, one day there came the admonition, from the DEO (District Educational Officer) Pathanamthitta. "It is not possible to sanction leave. Join the school immediately." That was the content! Indeed queerness! Gowthaman who came from Ernakulam got leave sanctioned! He was from a Central Government concern. He too in my class! Leave can't be sanctioned to me. Rules do not permit! The fact that leave was sanctioned to Gowthaman, declares that there is legality in sanctioning the leave! He also gave, 'For studying education film making.' as the reason for request of leave! What happened in my case was the dance of the DEO's prejudice! Nothing else! I didn't give any reply. Left it as it is! With this the number of disasters increases to ten! "Headmaster...!" "Am I not going to become producer, director and so so...! Isn't the amount necessary ready?!" "The father of my girlfriend saved me!"

Regularly came and came, letters from my girlfriend! My studies too were continuing smoothly! When happiness, in its gusto continued and continued forgetting everything, one day there came, a letter from the father of my girlfriend! Filled with mirth, I opened it! When read, the hilarity expired! Only three sentences! "Sending 5000 rupees. I could not find means any, to give you more than that. You can accept the amount or reject the amount."

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I didn't get a heart attack! Nor did I faint! If it was someone else in my place that would have happened! Sure! What is the reason for such a letter?! "I could not find means any, to give you more than that." I, analyses each and every word, one after the other! So, honest attempt is made to make the money! I concluded! Might have tried to sell some of the properties! Succeeded in selling only one out of them! Might have cropped in some hindrance in selling!

"You can accept the amount or reject the amount." What is the mental feeling involved hiding in this sentence?! "If you can somehow manage with this amount, accept the money and continue the relationship! If with this amount, you can't succeed in your venture, reject accepting the money and thus annul the relationship."

The property sold might have been that in the name of my girlfriend's father! My girlfriend's mother might not have allowed selling properties in her name! That may be the reason, for the statement "I could not find means any, to give you more than that." "If, all we have is sold out and the cash given to the boy, if the

boy, after getting the money deserts the girl?! The condition of my girl will be, really pathetic! Isn't he a film personality?! How can we, believe him?!" Thus, might have pondered her mother, I just imagined! If a loving mother happens to think so, no fault is to be ascribed to her! Any mother will only think like that! My girlfriend's letter came! Revealing that some people are saying that this marriage will not take place, and enquiring if it is true and so on, a letter overflowing with pain! How the public came to know this?! My brain toiled a lot to find an answer! In advance, he might have come to the conclusion, that since solving all my needs are of such kind, that they can't be postponed, I may not accept the amount sent, and thus the marriage will not take place! Unable to contain the feelings within the boundaries of his mind, he might have hinted the matter some of his intimate friends! Orally the news might have spread and spread, and turned out to be the theme of the land! Thus, it might have reached the ears of my girlfriend too! I presumed!

Those who saw me sitting with the letter in hand, immersed in thought, probed the reason! One friend took the letter from me, read it, and then handed over it to another! Digging and further digging, they ferreted out from me, and well understood the enormity of the serious problems I am facing! One friend advised, "Don't spoil your future anyway!" Another friend admonished: "It is not a case of lovers departing. Leave it! Don't accept the MO. Try for another!" Thus, many friends pronounced advise many, many against, and very few, for!

My conscience did not permit me to create a situation, where, the public scorn a girl, because of me, saying: "Long back, her ring exchange had taken place! Even photograph, they sitting together, was taken!" My notion ordered me: "Whatever may happen to me, it should be seen, that this marriage has taken place."

The next day the money order for rupees five thousand came! Signing the form, I accepted the amount! (If letter and MO are sent together, letter will reach earlier. They are, not at all coming in any records! As the MO is concerned, at the office of sending and at the office of delivery, all the details of the MO are recorded, it may take two to three days more than the delivery of the letter, to arrive!) Starting an account in the bank, I deposited the amount there.

At that time, the elder brother of my girlfriend was working in a company at Jaipur. I informed him the matter. Repenting, came the reply: promising that he shall do whatever he in his capacity can: my girl-friend do love me too much: and so on, a letter very lengthy!

I wrote a letter to my girlfriend's father, informing him that; when, for annual vacation I reach native place, I shall marry the girl by a registered marriage! Conveying the same information, I wrote letters to my girlfriend and to her elder brother!

(If questioned whether I was vexed because of the outcome of such a situation, reply is a big 'YES'. Am not I too, a human being?! Didn't all the dreams I was seeing and seeing about the future, collapsed and crumbled in a second?! Whenever I turned sad, I used to think of what might have been the reason for my mother's sadness! Did mother and father quarrel?! Nay, there is no chance for it! If quarreled, would an aggrieved mind have been tempted request father to bring a grass-mat the other things?! On certain occasions, when we three too were living with stepmother and children, at Quilon and Venkurinji; I went very near to father to inquire whether he is in the know of the reason for my mother's death! As soon as when I reached near him, my mind cautioned me: "No, don't ask, it will vex your father! Let the reason be perished undefined infinitely!" like this! With that a retreat: sudden!)

Sometime later I came to understand that it was not the girlfriend's mother's objection that brought to naught the selling of the properties! Certain case was pending in the court: there were a lot of legal proceedings underway, regarding the sale and purchase of family properties and so on! Yet here and there, there lies stagnant, hamlets of inconspicuous doubts indecipherable! There arises a question, if the girl's father wasn't aware of the case pending in the court, till he promised to help me as agreed! "A high school headmaster is quite sufficient for my daughter! She and I shall be well satisfied with that position! Not necessary to have a film personality! If money is not paid, he will leave the studies and return to the school!" would he have thought like that?! Was the mystery of change made from '*mere fixation*' to '*ring exchange*' which created official records: and the taking of the 'photograph we two sitting together', were intended to make sufficient proofs, to trap me in, legally; if I tried to flinch from the relationship: like lightning one after the other, at least for a while, thousands and thousands of such kinds of thoughts, didn't stop rushing through my brain! The very next moment, I cursed me myself; for why I think and think such kinds of thoughts, making ulcers in my brain; once 'I' in 'me', have already taken a resolution that this marriage shall take place whatever happens to me!?

('During those days, many among the public, had contempt about the persons engaged in film making! They were considered to be drunkards, prostitutes, and... and... and....! Though, all were not like that, those feelings were not without some substance, may be rare cases! At those times, there were only very few highly educated people in the film industry! Once, well educated people too entered the arena, there is lot of change in those kinds of thoughts! I hope you may remember my statement that there were very highly educated people among those who applied for admission in the film institute!')

Many 'reduce the expenses schemes' were introduced! Completely stopped seeing films in theatres outside the institute! Stopped mingling with the society! After annual examination I returned to my native place. Met the father of my girlfriend! He said registered marriage not necessary. The marriage can take place at premises of Ochira temple! Fixed a date! With a heavy feast the marriage took place auspiciously! All were happy!

Elder brother of my girlfriend and girlfriend herself came forward to send me as much as possible from their salary! After the annual vacation I went to Poona. Sending some money to stepmother, I requested her to vacate the house at Aranmula and all of them go to her house at Pallippad. I requested her to stay there till I start getting remuneration. Accordingly, they shifted their residence to Pallippad. Somehow, I continued my studies for the second year too.

During August-September months there took place India-Pakistan war that lasted for 22 days. The fact, that in 1947-'48, no internationally recognized boundary: came into existence in Kashmir, paved the way for skirmishes! By about 1965-October, Pakistan determined to engage in a secret operation! The conflict began following Pakistan's Operation Gibraltar, which was designed to infiltrate forces into Jammu and Kashmir, in disguise of local people objecting India's rule: to precipitate an insurgency. It became the immediate cause of the war.

"The battle eventually ended in a standstill. The Soviet Union and the US grew wary of the rising conflict and pressurised the countries to sign a ceasefire. With the heavy casualties and declining ammunition along with international pressure, the Prime Minister of India, Lal Bahadur Shastri and the President of Pakistan Ayub Khan, signed the Tashkent Agreement. The five-week war ended on the 23rd of September." As it was a restive peace accord thrust upon the parties, it didn't even last five decade!

During those days, there existed a two-year course awarding diploma 'Screenplay writing and Elements of direction'. Beyond securing that diploma, I had another aim in continuing the second year. Instead of directing my studies, aiming at the examination, I had a plan to secretly study all the technical aspects taught there in the third year, regarding advanced direction! Instead of learning according to the syllabus of the second year, finding out the syllabus of the third year I studied them, by taking books from the library! By studying about editing, camera work, sound recording, art direction, acting and so on, what all a film director should have the knowledge, I earned the courage enough to direct a film independently!

Elder brother of my girlfriend got married! I was not able to participate, as it was a time when at Poona, the course was coming to an end.

After the annual examination, vacating the room, I with my box and bedding caught the train. On both sides of the way to the canteen from the room where I stayed in Poona, there were plenty of neem trees. As it was only walking distance I used to walk to-and-fro. Somebody had told me that the leaf of neem tree is good to treat diabetes. As leaves were reachable by the hands, I used to chew and eat two leaves in the morning and evening. Both years I did so. Very soon, I came to understand more and more uses of neem.

Got down at Madras, and made an inquiry about the chances there, in the film industry. Met a Malayali and made arrangements for residing. Then I went to my native place. I stayed at wife's house in Charummood. I have had already converted my novel into a screenplay. I engaged myself in typing it. My girlfriend too learnt typing and helped me in very much. With myself getting admission in film institute, I had made certain changes in sending the novel to America. "However, am I not learning screenplay-writing! Now, it need not be sent as a novel, it may send as screenplay itself." I stayed there as long as necessary to get the screenplay typed. Then I reached Madras. During those times, Malayalam films were mostly produced in Madras. That's why I selected Madras." I am the first man from film institute to reach Madras. I may be getting a huge reception in the film industry!" With excitement, my psyche rampaged! "Remuneration I am going to get for my first assignment in direction shall be used to clear the bad debts." I took a decision. The very next day itself, I met a great Malayalam film producer and requested him to give me a chance to direct a film. "I am not getting any of my films directed by new directors, sorry." thus came out the reply! Fact openly uttered! Consoled myself! I succeeded in meeting another producer too, on the same day! "I shall think about it and give you a reply!" That was his reaction! I gave my address and returned. Finding out the address of producers, turned out itself to be a huge problem!

It won't be an exaggeration if I say that I conducted, research to find out the ways to find out the addresses of Malayalam film producers. Since even after one week, no reply came from the producer who promised to let me know the possibility of giving a chance to me, one early morning I went to see that producer. When I reached there, nobody was there! Only the watcher was there. From him I came to understand that all had left for shooting. Since it was a Malayali watcher, I was able to collect some information from him. "Sir, why do you spend time, in regularly coming here and going back? When you just left the other day, he commented, 'Claims to be from Institute! If films are entrusted to these fellows for directing, then the producer will surely turn a beggar!'" "Man! Different kinds are they!" My mind murmured! I didn't turn upset!

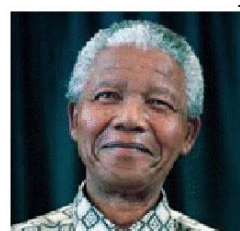
Coming to understand that for my girlfriend, the delivery date is fast approaching, I caught the train to Kerala. I reached the house at Charummood. Girl friend's mother had plans to have the delivery at home itself. (Girl-friend has four brothers

and one sister. In those days their deliveries might have been in home itself! I was not in agreement with that idea! After a few days, I admitted her in a private hospital, a bit far away from the home. On the date of delivery, the doctor informed me that she needs a Caesarean operation, because the age is more than the normal, a natural delivery is impossible and that immediately I must sign and give the paper authorising the doctors to perform the operation! Immediately I signed and handed over the authorisation letter. She was taken to the operation theatre. (During the younger days of my girlfriend's mother, the only practice prevailed was; if it is a girl, as soon as she reaches puberty, get her married as soon as possible! There was not at all, the practice of sending them for higher education! Now, the marriage becomes late, because they are sent for higher education!)

After the lapse of fifty minutes, a nurse came and told me, "Mother and baby are doing well." After another half an hour, a nurse came with the baby and showed me! A girl-baby! "I have turned a father!" My inner sense exalted! Again, it took one hour to see my girlfriend! We stayed four or five more days in the hospital. Then they were taken to home. (Many have misunderstood the word! 'Caesar' in 'Caesarean', many thinks as 'Scissor' in 'Scissors'! They think, the operation is done with scissors and that is why, so called! The name originated from the name of Julius Caesar. Some people believe that Caesar was born like that! That too is not correct. It is reported that, at the time of Caesar, operation was permitted only on pregnant women dead, to save the living baby! There is proof enough, for the fact that Caesar's mother lived for many years, even after the birth of Caesar!) For a long duration I lived there. Search for a name for the baby began. I made a suggestion! The name shall not be suggestive of any cast, creed or religion! Within no time girlfriend said "Ushass"! "Good! Dawn!" I agreed. Thus, the naming of the baby too, took place.



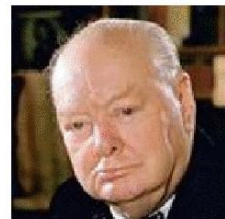
"If you fail, never give up because F.A.I.L. means "First Attempt In Learning". End is not the end, if fact E.N.D. means "Effort Never Dies." If you get No as an answer, remember N.O. means "Next Opportunity", So let's be positive." Dr APJ Abdul Kalam



"The greatest glory in living lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." – Nelson Mandela



"You will face many defeats in life, but never let yourself be defeated." – Maya Angelou



"Success is not final; failure is not fatal: It is the courage to continue that counts." -Winston S. Churchill

"The greatness lies in one's attempt to reach the goal and not in reaching it!"- Mahathma Gandhi

Since the response received from Madras was not one hope worthy, giving relief: as a precautionary measure, I made up mind to register in America, the Copyright of the screenplay! Wrote to Copyright office and got from them, the application form and their rules and regulations. The fee to be remitted was seven dollars. That was to be remitted in dollar itself. Paying the amount in Rupees according to the day-to-day exchange rate was not sufficient. When I went to the bank to get dollars, they informed me, that I will not get dollars. Even if it is one dollar, you will get it only with the sanction of the Central Government! They showed me the circular. I don't remember what it was. Imprudent will be the one in need! Inquired I, if there will be any change in the rule, in the near future? They expressed their helplessness! Yet, they gave the answer that the chances are quite remote! Then there arose the quest for finding out the ways to procure an order from the Central Government! Zoomed in an idea great! "Go, and meet Cartoonist Shankar! Sure, the matter will be solved! Further, the amount too, is very less! He is having good influence in the Central Government!" (To Nehru he was very intimate! In 1948 he started 'Shankar's weekly'! Most portions of it were covered by cartoons! He is known as the father of political cartoons in India! In 1957 he established 'Children's Book Trust'! In 1965 he started 'Shankar's International Dolls Museum'!) I didn't waste time. Boarded train to Delhi.



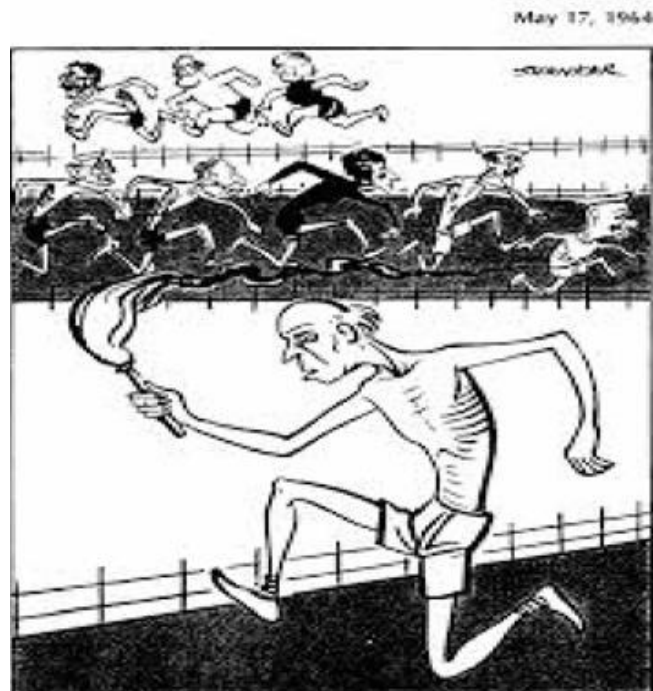
Padmavibhooshan Shankar

Reaching Delhi, I went and met him. I explained to him who I am. He has seen me only while I was a preparatory class student! When I informed him about my mother, suddenly he remembered! I informed him in detail the aim of my visit. Never in my life would I forget that night's cold. It was the month of January. I had no idea about the climate of Delhi. I had to use two blankets to cover my body. The next day he took me to 'Shankar's weekly office, Children's Book Trust and Dolls' Museum! One should not miss seeing the Dolls' Museum! There are Dolls from almost all the countries of the world! The Dolls there, reveals not only the

grandeur of the diversity of the Indian Culture, but the tremendous diversity of culture of the entire world! (It is not known whether there exists anywhere in the world, such kind of a museum! Now, the collection of Dolls there, exceed more than 7500!)



Reception!



The cartoon mentioned!



A slice of the Dolls'-museum!

That night too, the blankets saved me. The next day morning, seeing him too vexed, when viewing a cartoon, I went near him. Showing the cartoon to me, he said: "You see this! This is a cartoon that I drew ten days before the death of Nehruji! I had shown him this! Do you know what he told me, after seeing this?! 'Don't spare me Shankar!'" Without his knowledge tear drops oozed out of his eyes." I never knew this was his 'final round'! Seeing his lamentation, I too happened to quaver, for a while! The cartoon given above is that one! With a torch in his hand, a very tired Nehru, is about to finish the final round of the race! Lal

Behdoor Sastri, Gulsarilal Nanda, Indira Gandhi, Krishna Menon, Morarji Desayi and other personalities follow in the race!

At about noon on that day, one man came to the house and handed over a letter to Shankar. He received, opened and read it! Then with a smile he gave it to me! I received and read it! It was the order from the Central Government, sanctioning seven dollars to me! My inner heart rippled with happiness! "With this I'll perform a circus!" I am not without doubt, if I turned a bit arrogant for a while! To go back I packed my cloths! I bowed at him. He ordered the driver to drop me at the railway station. When I was about to get out of the house, he patted on my back and said, "Good luck, Ramchand!" As soon as I reached the station, a feeling engulfed me! "It is more than five years since I saw my brother, why can't I go to Barrackpore, meet my brother and then go back to native place!" "Yes!" Took ticket to Calcutta, and started the journey!

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Reaching Calcutta, boarded a local train to Barrackpore, took a taxi and reached the gate of the company where my brother was working! Met the watcher and told him the matter. He contacted Suraj. Soon, Suraj took leave and came. As he saw me, stood stunned for a while, for the meeting was so unexpected! I dictated the whole story to brother. We both in our exaltation, smiled! We went to his residence. He introduced the house owner to me! A, good natured man! I felt. One or two days I stayed there. When I was about to start to my native place, my brother presented me a pant. A blue one! With small, small, dots on sky blue colour! Its beauty attracted me too much! (I forgot the fact that I wear only white clothes, which Suraj was not aware of.) Happily, I accepted it. I started my journey to native place! (That pant indeed was putting an end to the habit of wearing only white clothes, I unexpectedly acquired, while I was an intermediate student! There after I used it for a long time. Today there in me do not survive any memory of when, how it disappeared!)

On the same day I reached Madras, I presented to the bank the record of sanctioning me foreign exchange of seven dollars. They gave me the record of negotiation by which the Copyright Office of America will get seven dollars, in my name, towards the Copyright Registration Fee. I visited the post office. The filled-up application form and the script were sent to the Registrar of Copyrights, 'By air mail, registered book post, acknowledge due', and the Negotiation document 'By airmail, registered letter, acknowledgment due'.

However, I decided to continue the attempts at Madras. Became a member of the 'Film chamber', got an address list of the producers and contacted many producers. One producer, even directly looking at my face questioned, "What are you learning there? Isn't it learning to make art pictures? If the producer makes art films, soon he would turn insolvent, and will have to suicide! Go, and engage in some other work!" It hit my heart! Yet I managed abstinence! "He pronounced his opinion!" Though ignoble indeed the process was, some more attempts were

made! In the end, it became quite clear, that nobody will give a chance to direct a film! With this the number of disasters, come to twelve! Those emerging from film institute were a nightmare to the film industry! The film industry people were not ready to believe that the diploma holders could produce films that would run in theatres! "If they won't give chance, I myself will turn producer! Let the matter I am dealing with America mature! With the success in getting American dollars, the problems are solved!" My mind whispered to me! "How long it may take to have the result! Who knows! Till then what am I to do?!"

One day, when days were passing with the question, "What next!?" there came John Sankaramangalam, to meet me. While I was studying in the institute for the second year, John was in the third year! Since there was instruction that Institute students, who leave the institute, should be frequently in touch with the institute, informing it the whereabouts of the students. Their address, what they are doing etc. etc. So, I had given my address to the institute. He collected my address from the institute, to meet me. John is going to produce and direct a Malayalam film, so he requested me to work with him! That was the aim of the visit! "Isn't he one who studied one more year than me and took Diploma in Direction?" I agreed to assist him. At T Nagar, Madras; John and Cameraman Ashok Kumar jointly took an office. When I enquired, "When must I start the paper work?" there came the answer that "Only within two or three weeks."

There remains two to three weeks! I boarded train to native place. Didn't feel the passing away of two weeks as all the while I was playing with daughter! My girl-friend too fully recovered. I returned to Madras. Both the acknowledgments from America were waiting in the room. I got engaged with the work of the film. One day when I returned to room, the house owner informed me that the postman brought a registered letter for me and that I must get it from the post office the next day morning. Accordingly, the next day morning I went to the post office and received the letter. It was the certificate of registration of the Copyright in America! My mind felt some kind of a comfort! A feeling that huge weight is downloaded from my head!

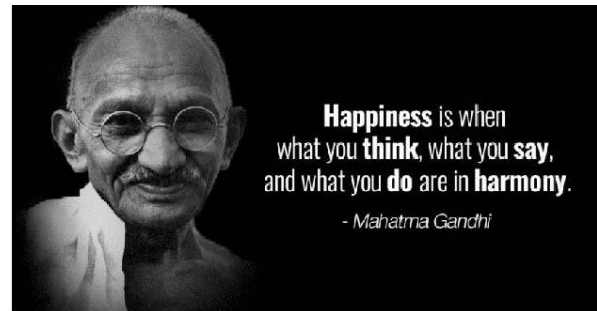
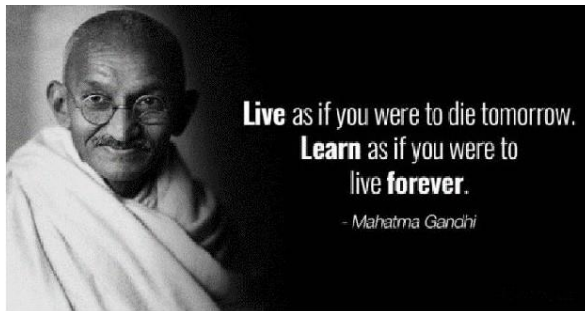
Given below, is only the beginning of the certificate!



The shooting, editing and other works of John's film Janmabhoomi was going on in full swing. In between when I got time I searched and searched and finally succeeded in finding out the addresses of the two film producers in America! (That I managed to get by the Bombay visit.) During this search I found lurking in a corner of the box, the apparition remains of the boy who suicide the previous year in the room I stayed at Poona! Few books and a leather purse! They being books, I was not inclined, to through them off! Honored them, giving them a little space in the small shelf I was having! "Send the script to them, only after ascertaining whether they require it or not! If recently they have started a new film, they may not require it." My mind expressed its opinion! So, letters were sent to both of them, inquiring if they require the script or not. I continuously continued contact.

Chief minister Annadurai changed the name of the state of Madras to 'Tamilnaad'. "Janmabhoomi" was released. Without much delay the next picture was started. One day Director PN Menon came to my room and enquired if I could assist him, in his assignments. I was aware of the fact that Menon used to direct good films. The man whom I was thinking of contacting has now come to me! Wonderful indeed! I agreed to work with him. Thus, I started working in his film 'Kuttiyetathi' too.

When there wasn't work on any of these films, I went to Charummood. My wife's second delivery approached. I admitted her in the same hospital where she had her first delivery. This time too, there was necessity for a 'Caesarean' operation! The operation was successful, "I turned the father of a boy baby too!" My mind exulted! Within a few days I shifted my mate and baby to home. My daughter too was happy for getting a friend! I stayed there more than one month. One day, during the period of stay there, I requested my mate to find out a name not suggestive of any cast, creed or religion. Immediately she suggested "Manonj"! "Good name". I agreed. The karma of allotting name to the baby, also took place. Since there was work of some film, I returned to Madras. One day I got a letter from my brother, informing me that he wishes marry the daughter of aunt's daughter. I went to Chengannoor when I got a gap of one week in my work. (Whenever I went to native place, I used to go and see aunt.) Officially I met aunt, her daughter and husband; and requested to give the girl in marriage to my brother. I made all the arrangements for the marriage. Then I went to Charummood, stayed there one day and then returned to Madras. Everyday there was work. Since there was shooting on the day of brother's marriage, I was not able to participate. My girlfriend participated. The pictures 'Kuttiyetathi and Aval Alpam Vaikippoyi', in which I worked, got released.



*You may never know
what results come of
your actions, but if you
do nothing, there will be
no results.
Mahatma Gandhi*



*"Life is what
happens when
you're busy
making other
plans."
-John Lennon*

Because of the sentiment 'ISLAM', in 1947 when India and Pakistan were created, East Bengal having very much Muslim population joined Pakistan forming East Pakistan. There was more than thousand miles distance between West Pakistan and East Pakistan. Even though there exists a lot of divisive diversity in culture and language between them, then it so happened. In approving East Pakistan's language, culture and financial setup and developing them, the utter failure of West Pakistan, paved the way, to a lot of chagrin, and Bangladesh nationalist movements! In 1971 March, the news of the military ruling committee planted in East Pakistan, killing 26,000 persons including Bengla Nationalists, leaders, students and religious minorities spread; and the stories of truculent violence and monstrous acts too spread, shocking the country! Hundred lakhs of Bengalis took refuge in India. At this time, expecting the intervention of India, Pakistan made raids on many Indian camps on the western border. Armed Indian military immediately reciprocated to the intrusion and made significant gains in Pakistan territory. Even though both the sides had to shed blood, in the Eastern active war front, during the intense war that lasted thirteen days, in the end it resulted in a very defamatory defeat for Pakistan. At Dacca, on sixteenth December 1971, Pakistan military signed the surrender document. 93,000 Pakistan soldiers became prisoners. India recognised Bangladesh as a sovereign independent nation! In continuation, one after another, nations of the UNO recognised Bangladesh! Of the most populated nations of the world, Bangladesh stands 8th!

SK Nair, the founder of the weekly 'Malayala Naad' started a picture titled 'Chemparathi'. Menon did the direction. I worked for that picture also. The, one day Adoor Gopalakrishnan came to meet me. Gopalakrishnan was in the 3rd year, while I was in the second year at Poona institute. He was about to start a Picture

titled 'Swayamvaram', he wanted me to work as 'associate director' in that film. (Gopalakrishnan who left the institute along with me, though had undergone three years direction course, had to suffer pang for five years, to start a picture! First, he started a film society called 'Chithrelekha Film Society'. Thus, making contact with a large number of enthusiasts started 'Chithrelekha cooperative'. In the name of that film cooperative-society he applied for a loan to the then Film finance corporation of India. As he got the loan sanctioned, he got this chance to direct a film!) I accepted the invitation. It is a very difficult job, to work for two Directors, at the same time! Some time back, I had John's film and Menon's film. But both of them were at Madras and there was no overlap! Hope there will not be any overlap. No one can be avoided!

I forgot to tell one or two incidents. Since now I recollected them, I am recording them here! {The marriage of the elder brother of my girlfriend was in one month of February! (That marriage in which, I could not participate!) While staying at Charummood, I got a letter from brother-in-law. "I am not getting leave. Haven't I taken a lot of leave in February for the marriage?! Now, isn't it holidays for schools and colleges. If you can adjust, will you please drop my wife and sister at my residence?! I'll book tickets for all and send them to you." I replied agreeing. The tickets came. I took them to Jayapur, and returned. Brother-in-law's wife was studying in college and sister in school. Father-in-law obtained their Transfer Certificates and thereafter, they continued their studies in Jayapur!} After completion of studies, sister of my wife was stationed at native place. Marriage proposals were in progress. One day when I was present at Charummood home, one man came to see her. But she was not present at home. Sister of her mother was living in another village. She had gone there. I took the man to that village and showed the girl. Both liked each other. Marriage was fixed. The bridegroom was employed in Calcutta in a Japan company. The marriage took place. I was not able to participate. There in Calcutta my brother got a friend from native place!

Got reply from both the producers in America, whom I contacted to know if they require the script. Both of them said the same thing! That they will not accept story or screenplay, directly from the author! They have agents, and that they will accept them only through them! (Even though they didn't require, the foreigners have the sagacity to spend money in giving reply and informing that they didn't require! If it is in our country, no one will take the pain in replying and spending money!) Then I got up engaged in search for finding the address of agents! Became a member of the American library, checking each and every record available there, I ferreted out the address of agents! I sent letters regarding the matter to two

agents! Both gave the same reply! I must send the script and 200 dollars to them. If any producer accepts it, 20% of the amount that the producer pays to the author, must be given to the agents as commission! There is no guarantee that they will see that the script is accepted by some producer! Since the content of both the letters were the same, it proved that there is union among the agents, and that there is no interference from the side of the government side! 200 dollars! Those letters were putting an end to my attempts to get my script selected and accepted by a producer in America! Number of disasters increased one more and reached 13! (Today what is the situation In America?!)

Shooting of 'Swayamvaram' and that of 'Chemparathi' overlapped one day. Menon somehow adjusted for one day and helped me! 'Chemparathi', 'Swayamvaram' and another picture I worked got released! The producer of 'Chemparathi' soon started another picture titled 'Gayathri'. Menon was the director. I worked in that picture also. While its work was progressing, an unexpected incident took place. It would be better, I feel, if I explain the importance of the incident first before revealing the incident itself!

In Madras I was staying at a place called Amanjkkarai. During those days it was very difficult to get a place to stay, in Madras. Above the house of a man called Parthasarathi, there was a room and in front of it, a somewhat big open terrace. Sarathi was a loving personality! He owned a number of trucks. Somehow everything came to naught! As if representative of the old august days, there lies at one corner of the compound, an old truck, expecting revival of those days by getting repaired! He rented the room to me because he was in financial difficulties! For taking bath and to have other toilet facilities one had to go to the ground floor! Even before starting staying there, I with Sarthy's help, had got made a table, a cot and a chair by a carpenter! I was making attempts to bring to Madras, my wife and children! For that, first I wanted to get my wife appointed as a teacher in some school. I was making enquiries everywhere! Coming to understand that near Dasaprakash hotel there is one 'Kerala Samajam': and that they were conducting a school; I had approached the management and made request to get my wife a placement there! Further information I succeeded in collecting was that one Dr. SK Nair is the president of the association and that he is the head of the Malayalam Department of The Madras University! It was a time, when I was searching a way to meet him.

Now, I shall come to the real incident! While the work of 'Gayathi' was progressing, one day, a friend of the producer SK Nair came to meet him! While introducing the guest to all one by one, he introduced me too to him. For a second

I stood aghast! In front of me sits, the same Dr SK Nair, president of 'Kerala Samajam', whom I was longing to meet! An unexplainable sensation! I made maximum use of that opportunity opened before me! Before 'Samajam' president Dr SK Nair departed, I managed to make a recommendation to him, through producer SK Nair, to get an appointment to my wife, as teacher in 'Samajam' school! I noted my address, the name of my wife, her qualifications, experience etc. in a piece of paper and handed over it to him! When the shooting of the picture was over, I returned to Madras.



All the balance works of the picture were being done at Madras. Film processing, editing, rerecording and so on, all the works were undertaken at Madras. Conveniences for doing these works were not then available in Kerala. Editing and all other works of all the pictures for which I had worked, were done at Madras under my supervision! Censoring of 'Gayathri' too finished. Kerala Samajam informed me the date on which teacher should join duty. High hilarity highlighted! I am going to start a family life with wife and children! With sanction and approval of the house owner, I managed to get put a thatched roof for the entire terrace, so that in rainy season no water would leak into it. The sides too were closed. I furnished it by purchasing a set settee! In time the younger brother of my wife, brought my wife and children to Madras. Wife joined as teacher in 'Kerala Samajam School'. She admitted son in Nursery Class and daughter in Class One, there itself. The school was a Malayalam medium school. The house owner wanted the portion vacated. Without much delay, I shifted my residence to a more convenient flat, in the next road.

‘Gayathri’ was released. I worked some more pictures. I am not getting them all recollected.

At that stage, ‘Suchithrabharathi’ films producer brothers, Kubair and Sunvar approached me and requested: “I am producing the film ‘Kamini’ based on my own story. Babu Nanthankode was the director. As he became a Father in the church, he stopped film direction! One schedule shooting is over. Only one fourth of the picture is finished. Kindly help us completing the picture.” “You are getting a chance to do three fourth of a picture independently. Accept it!” My mind admonished me! “If you can give me an agreement paper signed by Babu Nanthankode I shall do it.” I gave my consent.

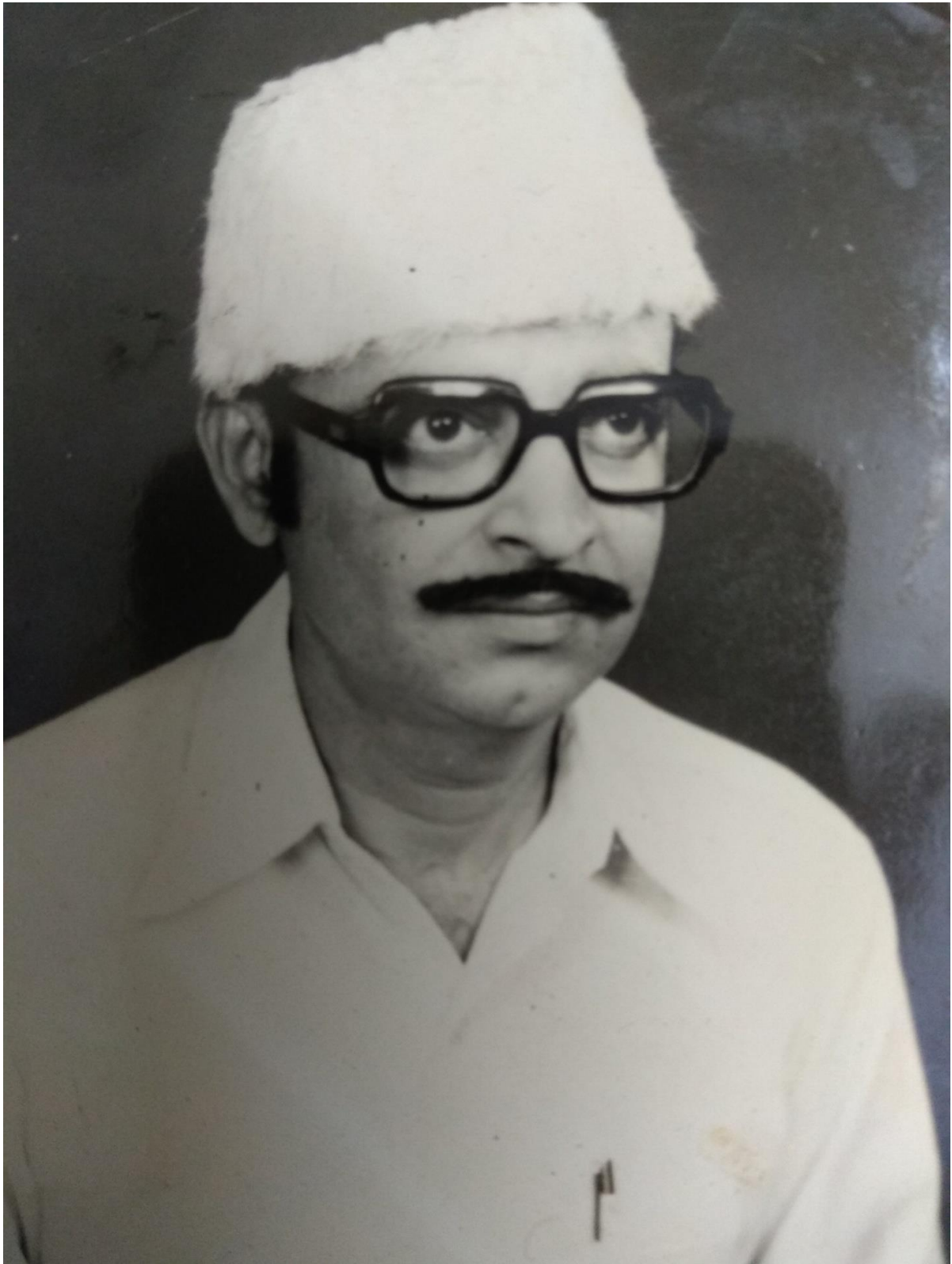


They gave me the consent letter from Babu. I got engaged in ‘Kamini’s work. Read the script once. Saw the rushes of the shot part. I completed the shooting of the balance portion and saw the rushes. (Rushes are the prints of the shots taken as it is. It is this print that those who deal with the technical sides first see. In this neither scenes nor shots will be in the order of continuity of the story! A shot of a man inside the room may be before the shot showing him entering the room! The last portions may be in the beginning! With each shot there will be too much portions in the beginning and end of each shot that is not necessary for the film! There will not be any sound at all!)

Usually, of all those who see the rushes, the only one knowing the story may be the Director! To the experienced director, by seeing just the rushes, can, in advance, come to the conclusion how the picture may come out in the end! When I saw the rushes of ‘Kamini’, I felt, that the picture is not having any life! The thread of the story was, a pregnant lady, too much afraid of delivery; in the end gives a natural delivery without any problem! I made up my mind to give a bit of life to the film. I got an idea. I informed the producer. He arranged for one more day’s shooting.

While in school, an Anglican nun gets pain of delivery! Sounding the siren, the ambulance reaches the school. Nun is rushed to the hospital. Seeing those scenes

the fear of delivery increases in the lady. When the dead body of the nun is seen, her fear reaches the zenith point! Whenever she thinks of delivery the sound of the siren amplified the feelings of the audience! Thus, with the sound of the siren and few scenes I injected brawl giving life, throughout the length, from beginning



TK Ramchand

to end! Edited and Title too were shot and added and finally rerecorded the film. Thus, I completed the picture and handed over the key to the Producer!

In a referendum, the nation of Sikkim decided to join India. Monarchy was abolished. To enable the incorporation of the new state, the Indian Parliament amended the Indian Constitution. Sikkim became the 22nd state of India.

A state of emergency was declared in India. So, Cartoonist Shankar stopped the publication of Shankar's weekly!

When staying at Amingikkarai, one day, for getting something got stitched I went to a tailoring shop in the next road. When engaged in conversation came to understand that they are Malayalis! The name of the man conducting the shop was Ramakrishnan. Without the lapse of much time, we became intimate friends. He was conducting the shop with five machines. Four of the tailors were Malayalis! One day Ramakrishnan requested me to teach him some English. I started teaching him English. One hour every day. I didn't take any remuneration for teaching. He had a car and a motor cycle. When matters were going on thus, one day He inquired: "How much amount is required to produce a picture?" "Four to five lakhs": I replied. "But if you have 10,000 rupees you can start a film. Then, financiers will give money." I added. "I have a chit, when it is over, I shall give the money." He, replied. "OK", I complimented! If my memory doesn't err, years the tuition continued.

Among those with whom friendship was established during the stay at Aminjickarai is one Vijayan, to be specially mentioned! He had very beautiful handwriting. He was a master in printing technologies. He used to write stories. He used to help me in taking copy of scripts. He had expressed his wish to work with me assisting in the film I would direct.

On one fine morning Ramakrishnan told me:" The chit is over. Within two days I will get the money. We can start the picture!" After Film institute studies, it took eight years to make 10,000 Rupees to start a picture! Thereafter things moved quickly. We registered a partner concern titled 'Kalamanjari'. To get films for shooting and other works, the concern should be a member of 'The Film Chamber'. So, Kalamanjari too became a member. During those days, in order to attract film producers to Andhra Pradesh, the Government was giving a subsidy of three lakhs rupees, to the producers who shoot the picture completely in that state. In order to become eligible for that subsidy, the concern was to be registered in Andhra. So, we too registered Kalamanjari in that state. As then, there was not facility in Andhra to do technical items such as Film processing, Editing, Sound recording etc. those works were allowed to do outside Andhra.

My contribution was story, dialogue, screenplay, the lyrics of three English 'bit' songs and a Malayalam song, acting a role, editing, direction etc. Partner's contribution was 10,000 rupees. He was financing partner and I working partner. As my partner was ignorant of the complex process involved in the making the film, and there was a lot of correspondents to be done, I had to be the managing director of the concern! Thus, I had to look after the art side and production side of the picture. During those days, there was prevalent the hippie culture with addiction to drug, growing of hair and beard, peculiar design dresses, free mingling among the youths without any difference in sex and so on. The theme of the Picture 'LAHARI' was against all these devilish activities! Visited Vayalar Rama Varma and requested him write one song for a dance and another against superstitions. Met P Bhaskaran and requested him too to write a song. Within one week both of them gave the songs. Paid them what they demanded and got the songs.



Vayalar Rama Varma



P Bhaskaran



G Devarajan

(None of them are alive today.)

Met music director Devarajan Master and handed over all the songs (including the three, bit English songs and the Malayalam song I wrote on 'LAHARI'). Master was very happy when he came to understand that I am going to produce and direct a film! I paid the advance, but he didn't accept it. Saying that he will receive it afterwards, he flinched! As and when music was scored, recorded them all, in the sound studio. All the five songs came out to be very good.



MADHU AMBAT

I selected the persons for handling the technical aspects. Film institute diploma holder Madhu Ambat was entrusted cinematography. Didn't keep anyone for Art direction! I myself did it as a part of direction! Fixed experienced people, for Makeup and Costume!

To maintain finance faithfully, I found out a gentle man. Aunt's son who was staying in the house after retiring from military! I enquired if he could do the help. He agreed, and so he was appointed as Production controller. Friend Vijayan himself was made assistant to me. Net item is finding out suitable persons to act the roles. Ranichandra an actress who was at that time galloping towards fame as an actress was selected as heroine. Raghavan, a diploma holder from National School of Drama', who became famous in cinema was selected as hero.



Ranichandra



Raghavan

In this story the hero's wife is not the heroine! Heroine's younger sister's lover is the hero! The heroine is a hippy, according whom marriage is not at all necessary! The hero is one who is against all undesirable thoughts and actions! The selection of hero and heroine should be based on the relevance of the roles!) I selected my brother Radhasekharan as second hero. (Since he was weak in his studies he was without any job. If he catches up, let him catch up and succeed as he has good camera face. That was the main aim of selecting him as second hero. But in making attempts, he was lethargy in meeting few producers! If he tried on the fact that he is the second hero of 'LAHARI', he could have got chances.) To the role of a watcher well mingled with the main story, being having a bit semblance of comedy evoking nature, selected Kuthiravattam Pappoo.

Some finance was ready. Made arrangements for a shooting schedule! The costumer took measurements of the artistes and stitched dresses suitable to the characters they represent in the story. Gave advance to all concerned. Took train tickets for the party to go to Hyderabad. All of the party except Pappu came to the railway station in time and boarded the train. In Hyderabad, the party stayed at hotel located on a hill near the 'Secretariat'. Since it was a good location too, it was possible to shoot some scenes there itself. My memory tells the shooting lasted fifteen days. Planned to appear only in a small role, I acted the big role that was to be acted by Pappu. Though I had three to four assistants, as they were all new to the role, I had to give instructions to each and every assistant and got the work

done! Though so, the shooting went on very smoothly. After shooting we returned to Madras.

Lab work went on. I saw the 'Rushes'. Everything came out well. I gave instructions to the assistant editor. Dubbed and added the sound. Saw the edited version. Everything came out good. It got the desired effect. The picture is almost half complete. (Under usual circumstances, one day's shooting will give materials for five minutes in the final picture.) Plans were being made for the next schedule. When enquired about Ranichandra's convenience, we came to know she is not available; she has gone to some foreign countries for some functions. While waiting for Ranichandra, there came news shocking! The nasty dishonesty story of the producers of 'Kamini'! The dirty play enacted by them before censoring. By paying money took the editor into confidence. From the complete picture that I handed over to them, ready for censoring, they cut away the title portion where my name appeared as the director. Shot another title with Kubair as director. Then only they censored the picture. With this the disaster's number rises to 14! I didn't file a case. If, I wanted I could have made him stink before the public! I could have seen the editor thrown out of the 'Editors' guild'! My mind didn't permit me to do anything against any! "However, 'Kamini' is 'left-overs'! Is it worthy to hang after that and waste time and energy?!" At a state when I was not able to fully come out



of the state of flabbergast, making gloom the present one: missive of the 15th disaster that Ranichandra died, comes! I was not able to believe! "It may be the work of the envious, spreading studied rumors intentionally!" Yet, I could not sleep the whole night. Early morning, went out and purchased a paper and searched. Anyhow, had no heart attack! ***Actuality! After foreign tour Ranichandra returned to Bombay, and had boarded the 'Indian Air Lines Flight 171, to Madras! The plane took off and was picking up height! Suddenly it caught fire! Though the pilot tried to land it safely; it made a nosedive on the ground! All the 95 on board died. With Ranichandra, there were her mother and three sisters! Because of the trauma, that the disaster on the 12th of October 1976, thrust upon the picture LAHARI', its continuing production came to a stalemate!***

With the death of Ranichandra, all those who promised to finance deserted! When Ranichandra died the picture was only on its half way! I didn't renounce my mettle! Undertook five to six months research and found out a way to complete the picture. Its adjustments were such that if one ignorant of the death of the heroine in between the production of this picture; see the full film, that person could not find out any discrepancy! But no-body was prepared to believe my claim. It is quite impossible for a Man to explain in detail, what all happened after words!

Ranichandra has just lost her life! But, in reality, the one really dead while though living is I! With the request to give me a picture to direct, I approached a number of producers. No one was ready to give me a picture! If a picture is given to me, the hero or even the producer may die during the production! *(These people are the believers, real! Rule is not permitting! Otherwise, for earning boon from the god, they would have conducted even human sacrifice!!! Poor fellows! They satisfy their urge to please the god, with the sacrifice of sheep, fowl, squash, lime etc. and gets god's blessings and lives in tranquility!)* Since I happened to wear the attire of a director for some time, no director came forward to invite me as their associate! Disaster number 16!

Somehow or other managing the money completed the picture; shooting the picture at Hyderabad itself and doing the other works at Madras. When the picture was presented for censoring, they suggested a number of cuts. All the cuts were made and thus came out of censor problems too. I never shot any sex or anything obscene. Here and there innocent suggestions were given. In those shots too they cut out some portions! (Expecting it, I had kept extra length to those shots. So, their 'scissor operation' could not do any harm to my picture.) Yet even after making all the cuts they gave only 'adults only' 'A'-certificate! (Disaster 17! If it was next year, the picture would have got 'U' certificate, without any cuts, which all can see the picture without any age bar! So much change took place in the censor

rules. For those pictures with sex, 'A' certificate may be a boon! But, to "LAHARI" which had no sex in was a curse!)

"However, got it censored! Now, we can escape from hardships with it!" As subsidy we will get 3 lakhs from Andhra Government, distributor may give a minimum of 7 lakhs as advance! So, total we will earn 10 lakhs. 6 lakhs we will have to give to the financiers. 4 lakhs we the partners will share. Without spending a single paisa, I will become the owner of 2 lakhs! Distributor will give more after getting back what he gave us!" In happiness ecstasy, my inner mind danced!


(As a second mother, our stepmother never treated any of us three. But spread news throughout the villages where I am known; that I sold all her properties and made 'cinema picture'! How can the public disbelieve her claim?! Was it not right that I was producing picture! While we were staying at Chengannoor paddy was sent us. She spread news about it that it was her paddy that was being supplied to us year after year. How can the public disbelieve?! It is a fact that paddy was reaching us every year from Pallippaad! How could the public understand that the paddy arriving was as tenure!)

After Ranichandra's death, years four passed away, before we could complete the picture and get the censor certificate! The problems that arose because of the delay, was not one or two! But many! 'Black and White' pictures lost its demand! There was no market for 'Black and White' pictures! (Disaster No. 18.) No distributor wants the picture! A disgrace and a deficit! Disgrace as the death of the heroine, and the deficit that it is not a colour film! ('LAHARI' was not a fully 'Black and White' picture! It was partly colour! A dance sequence was completely in colour! As if the images passing through the brain of those lay slept under the influence of drugs, it was the dance of colours! It was to be done as a special effect, a costly affair! But, to reduce the expenditure, I had manipulated successfully it, in a very simple way, using colour film wastes!

The situation was too pitiable, that we haven't had money to pay even the theatre rent! Yet we arranged shows for a *galore* of distributors to see! Every distributor enjoyed the film, pronounced *meagre* good opinion, shower pacifying words promising to inform us later! After the elapse of many days too, there was not even a bit of information!

A trial was made to get the subsidy from Andhra! Then it came to know that the government of Andhra stopped the system of giving subsidy, five months before the date of getting "LAHARI" censored! Disaster No. 19! The reason for stopping the subsidy was that Andhra succeeded in attracting and replanting to it a number of producers, during the four to five years that "LAHARI" took get completed! Even though, after shooting of 'LAHARI' was completed, the editing too was somehow done and the work complete, it took five to six months to manage money for rerecording! When it became quite clear, that it is not possible to get a distributor, we thought about the options left before us, to see the picture somehow released!

We ourselves directly released a print in Madras, before releasing it in Kerala! Though there were two main drawbacks to the picture, it received somewhat good reception! The print media as a whole, praising the picture, published write-ups!



FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1980.

10 THE HINDU, Friday, July 25, 1980.

City Cinema Fare

'Lahari'

To what depths a human being will descend due to drug-addiction is the theme of "Lahari" (Malayalam). Director T. K. Ramchand, has succeeded in depicting very realistically how youth fall easy victims to the hippie culture, take to drugs, indulge in debauchery and pay the price. The story is told poignantly and in a convincing manner.

Most of the scenes aim at creating an aversion in the minds of the viewers to the tendency to imitate blindly foreign customs. The film opens with the director explaining to an interviewer the evil effects of drug-addiction and he illustrates his point with a story which forms the theme.

The film was produced about four years ago with the late Rani Chandra as the heroine. Her death in an air crash and a number of other factors including certification from the Censor Board, delayed its release.

Rani Chandra dominates the film with her portrayal of a drug addict. Sreejith as the watchman of the women's hostel gives a brilliant performance. He has written the original story and dialogue too.

Lakshmi (Rani Chandra) and Saraswathi (Jameela Malick) sisters, are in a medical college women's hostel. Lakshmi joins a group of students who take to smoking, drinking and free sex life. In contrast Saraswathi leads a quite life. Her warnings have little effect and Lakshmi slides down faster. Her parents die of broken heart, her lover commits suicide. Penniless, Lakshmi, to raise money for buying drugs takes to prostitution. Her health is shattered and she is now on the way to the inevitable end.

Most of the artistes and technicians are products of the Film and Television Institute of India. Special mention must be made of the neat camera work of Madhu Ambat. Devarajan has tuned the lyrics written by Vavalar, P. Bhaskaran and Ramchand.

On show at Gaiety and Anand (noon show).

OPENS TODAY

ANAND (A'c.)

Daily Noon 12-30

GAIETY

Daily 3 Shows

The first Malayalam picture to be released in Madras even before its release in Kerala.

A picture to be seen by all parents. A picture to which parents should compulsorily send their adult children.

RANI CHANDRA,
JAMILA MALICK,
RAGHAVAN in

LAHARI

Directed by:
T. K. RAMCHAND

ADULTS ONLY.



On the left side is given Ramchand as Watcher (Sreejith).

During those days, there existed an evening English-news-paper, Named THE MAIL. It was very popular in Madras. That is given below. These two are given here to make known that all the publications in unison praised the picture! The picture was acclaimed by Tamil publications too. All the print media in Malayalam praised the picture!

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THE MAIL

Cultural Causerie

LAHARI

Director T. K. Ramachand's disgust for the vulgarity of hippy culture is clearly reflected in Kala Manjari's Malayalam film LAHARI projecting not only the ugliness of this way of life but the irreparable damage that it causes to the personality and the future of youth as well.

The Director has ventured to break from the beaten track of romance and violence, and deal with a subject that has not received adequate attention from film-makers. It is a delicate theme which a less skilful handling might lead to the glorification of evil. But, thanks to all-round restraint, a desired effect is produced by the picture. The juxtaposition of the lofty Indian way of life and the hideousness of hippy ways intensifies the assault on the undesirable.

The story is about two sisters Lakshmi (Rani Chandra) and Saraswati (Jamila Malik) who are sent to study medicine and stay in a hostel. While Saraswati holds fast to the traditional Indian way of life, Lakshmi falls into evil company, and takes to drugs and leads a licentious life. She is not moved even when persuasion by her mother and sister has any effect on Lakshmi.

she receives a message that her father is dead. No amount of who traverses the path to ruin. The message is so well carried that the intervention of the director in two or three places to explain it becomes superficial.

The late Rani Chandra has given a brilliant portrayal as Lakshmi and Jameela Malik is equally good. Prem as mother is impressive. Rachavan is dignified and



Prem and Jamila Malik in LAHARI

Sreejith gives an excellent delineation of the character of a hostel watchman, Seetharam. Rastain Menon, Ramakrishnan, Radhakrishnan and Gopalakrishnan give good support. Madhu Ambat's handling of the camera is effective and Deva-
rajan's music is appropriate.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1980

The Mail

Incorporating The Spectator 1876, The Madras Times 1868

A merry heart does good like a medicine; but a broken spirit dries the bones.

- Proverbs 17:22



Radhasekharan, Jameela Malik, Ranichandra in 'LAHARI'. (None alive now)



I designed a special poster for 'LAHARI'! (Sorry! It seems that till now I have not given the meaning of 'LAHARI'! It means intoxication! Drunkenness can be the result of consuming liquor or drugs!) Anyone looking on the poster continuously for few seconds will get the feeling, bit giddy! Poster intoxicates persons! It is like a spring, but the width decreases as it goes towards the center! Everybody appreciated the poster! This is mentioned here to show that even in the poster there was change from the ordinary!

I had taken all the necessary precautions, from the very beginning, to see that the public shouldn't get a chance to jeer at 'LAHARI', saying that it is a one-man-show! Though it is a fact that all were done by me! As against the trend prevailing at that time, I gave different names for different works. Story, dialogue and acting as a watcher came under the name 'Sreejith'. (There is a story behind the name 'Sreejith'. While registering copyright in America, there arose the necessity of a "Penname"! Since no existing names I liked, I newly coined the name 'Sreejith'! Have no idea if the name existed before! In the same way as I thought that 'Ramchand' was first coined by me, I do not know if this also will end so!) Screenplay in the name of, 'Ramji' and editing in the name of 'Sreeram'! Kept only Lyrics of two songs and Direction in the name of Ramchand!

During the days, when I reached Chaarummood, I had written and published a book, on the techniques of Film Direction, in Malayalam! Became friends with an

assistant editor Mohanachandar! He was well versed in Malayalam and Tamil! I got translated The Book on Direction to Tamil, by him.

Even though the picture ran about three weeks in Madras, we didn't get a distributor to distribute it in Kerala. I myself took a print to Kerala and released the picture in some theatres! The picture got good reception! Became happy, seeing the theatre full! But, when the expenditure towards three persons' food, room rent, travelling, publicity, poster pasting all the covered area etc. was compared with the receipt (by way of collection from theatres) it was felt that the attempt is not feasible! So, a plan was made to make slight changes in exhibition of the film.

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Since the picture was an educational film, I made an attempt to get tax exemption. Met three very famous personalities, and got their permission to be the patrons of a Science-club was registered, and in its name started the film show! The film show was conducted as fund collection for the club. The show conducted in Chengannoor theatre seemed to be successful as the theatre was full. Tickets were sold in advance visiting the houses. Nanu my brother (my step mother's son) was in charge of the sale of tickets. Though the theatre was full the money handed over to me by my brother was much less. I doubted some foul play. We calculated the tickets sold and the amount collected. The amount that reached my hands was found to be very low. When questioned, Nanu has no answer! This might have happened in the case of collection from other theatres where we had regular shows! (Disaster No. 20.) Cheating from own brother! "Believing him is dangerous!" My mind warned me! I felt continuing the distribution in any form is not advisable! Since it was well beyond doubt, established that the picture will well run in all theatres; hoping that, now some distributor may come forward to take up the distribution, I returned to Madras. I taught my partner that the picture will run. I informed him how the receipts, equals expenditure system; is not of any use to us. So, I entrusted the print to him and requested for more trials.

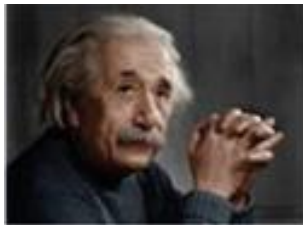
It is quite impossible on my part, for me to idle the time away! I want myself somehow engaged in some work throughout the day! I am not bothered about the outcome of the work being done. It may sometimes succeed and sometimes fail. It is the thrill in doing the work that matters. When I was a student of the college, I had reading habits. But somehow it vanished after leaving the college! Writing I do like. Even today I do poses, the then habits of scribbling here and there on bit papers, then and there available at sight, ideas, plots of stories and so on, that flash through my brain now and then! Often, what happened to them at last is loss, as they were not kept stored at a place particular! We, the Printer Vijayan who assisted me in film direction and me, decided to start a cinema publication. We got the necessary permission from the court, by making the necessary declaration in front of the judge concerned. The inducement came from him as he started his own printing press. Since it was necessary that the first issue should be out within a particular period of time, we first printed four or five copies as the first edition and neatly managed to obey the rule. I don't remember whether it

was a weekly or monthly! I do not even remember the name of the publication. The main aim was to get a loan from the bank for buying a printer, in the name of the publication. We tried hard and almost succeeded, but at the last moment a great problem arose. The bank required a qualification certificate, in proof of the fact that, Vijayan knows printing. Though Vijayan was a versatile printer there was no record available to prove it! Absence of such a certificate as proof resulted in the failure of the attempt. This happening increased the number of disasters to No. 21!

Within this period, my wife's elder brother reached finally Madras, as employee of a company. Another important event is that my girl-friend's mother was bitten by a snake, very poisonous. Not sure when it happened. I was there at that time at Chaarummood. She was admitted in the same hospital where my wife was admitted for deliveries. The ulcer at the site of snake bite became so big that flesh had to be taken from the thigh and replanted there. As I was free at that time, I took charge of taking food daily to the hospital. Everybody asked mother-in-law if I was her son. She replied in the affirmative. Finally, she was discharged from the hospital. One day (don't really remember when) while I was at Charummood, there came the brother who skulked from military! Some time back he had written to me that he would kill me! Remembering that, I told him, "If you have come to kill me, do it immediately!" But without doing anything he disappeared!

One day a worn-out partner Ramakrishnan rushed to me and requested, "In anyway kindly manage 25,000 Rupees and give me immediately. There is no other way left, that's why I am approaching you. A loan was taken from a Marvadi, for re-recording. It is immediately to be repaid! Otherwise, all of them together will beat me to death!" I took pity of him! I rocked my brain in vain! Suddenly an idea struck me! I met the brother-in-law now at Madras, collected all the gold ornaments of his wife, pawned them in a bank, gave 25,000 Rupees to partner and saved him from a great danger! Afterwards it is my wife who paid the money to bank, got back the ornaments from the bank and returned them to brother-in-law. Thus, I who was not expected to spend not even a paisa for the film production had to spend Rupees 25,000 at the last moment! (Quickly my mind rushes back for a while to the past! "Hadn't brother-in-law, wrote to me, that he would join a chit and pay the installments regularly every month, and I could join the auction and collect the money whenever I need it. If I made him do so, would it not have been possible to start my own picture, years ahead, without the present partnership; and would it not have avoided the present catastrophe that I am facing?!" Brother-in-law every month sent me money for my second-year study. Along with it, it was not having money enough for him to send installments for chit too. As he became married, my conscience didn't permit me to ask him to join for chit!)

Since I didn't continue my studies for the third year, he might have thought that I may not be in need of money!



"Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new." - Albert Einstein



"Our greatest weakness lies in giving up. The most certain way to succeed is always to try just one more time." - Thomas Alva Edison

But, do you know what Ramakrishnan returned to me!?

I had entrusted my partner to look-after all the business matters! Telling and telling, not getting distributors, not getting distributors; one and a half years passed off! When a friend of mine from Kerala wrote to me: "Saw 'LAHARI'. It is indeed really fantastic! Congratulations!", then only did the concealed fact, happened to be exposed! My partner, without informing me, had secretly sold the picture to as distributor as an 'outright sale'! (That is, sale for a one-time fixed amount payment.) I have now reached disaster No. 23, the most monumental one, cheating by the sincerest friend, he looking into my eyes and smiling! When I enquired about the matter, my most sincere friend replied, that he got money, only, almost enough to clear the debts! When I questioned why he didn't inform me, he has nothing to say in reply! (I didn't go in for a quarrel or to file a case! To pickup, a quarrel with the one who for a long time had been intimate friend; nay! my mind did not permit me! May be my weakness! A feeling, that if I went for filing a case, will the amount get lost, getting it to none of us?! It is he who made the money, and it is he who cleared the debts. But why he didn't give me at least the 25,000 rupees with which I saved him from danger to his life?! Never in my life: I had ever felt, a feeling of anger or animosity, against anybody! Even to those who knowingly cheated me! Mine too, a kind of life! From the very beginning, my life is all an adjustment of concede, in accordance with the now and then circumstances and surroundings, undergoing sacrifices and yielding to the situation, acceding affability to it; satisfying myself with what is available and submitting to it!)

My partner, who told that he got money only just sufficient to clear off the debts, afterwards produced many pictures without including me! (Doesn't it clearly declare that he got money not just enough to clear the debts, but a lot more than that?! I might have turned a perpetrator to him, for teaching him English and raising his status from that of a tailor to that of a film producer!) "Because of me at least one individual became bettered in all ways!" I felt happy, and pacified myself! With that, the story did not end there! Without allowing anything remnant of 'LAHARI' to exist, the lab where the picture negative of 'LAHARI' was stored caught fire destroying everything! The owner of the lab too died! If in my place, it was anybody else he would have in life, suicide at least a thousand times! I didn't swelter! It was impossible on my part to swelter! My greatest ambition in my life was, to see my children reach such a position, where they will not have to suffer for want of money, like the sufferings I underwent for want of money! I made up mind, give them the education; let them study as long as they want to study! They both are very brilliant students! That gave us the parents, much happiness.

“If you look at what you have in life, you’ll always have more. If you look at what you don’t have in life, you’ll never have enough.”- Oprah Winfrey

We shifted our residence to a flat at the place known as Egmore, not far-away from the school where teacher works. Because of her attempt, students started coming for tuition. Students from Standard one to Standard ten turned up for tuition class. In place of teachers, teacher and I were not alone! Even our children taught lower class students! There were two sessions of tuition classes, one in the morning and one in the evening. The number of students attended for tuition continued increasing and increasing! The furniture in the flat was not sufficient to accommodate all the students. So, I bought most wanted tools for carpentry!

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Carpenter's Tools



Lamination sheets



Wood design laminate

I myself made a ‘DIVANA’ that could accommodate seven students. I laminated it fully. It may be the first time in the history of the world: a Man, not born in a carpenter family, without any previous knowledge of carpentry, making a faultless ‘DIVANA’, most modern! Without doubt any, it may be confirmedly said that in future too, no one is going to do this feat! (As I write this, it serves the purpose of adding width to a single-cot making it a double-cot!)

It was found out that in Gurudwara, a lot of ammunition was stored and many militants were given training in fighting! Since prayer house was converted into war fort, military had to use force! It was intended to annihilate the militant leader and party! Four months after this happening, on 1984 October 31st, in vengeance, Indira Gandhi was shot dead, by two Sikhs of her own personal guards.

Near Madras Central Station, there was a very famous commercial complex known as MOOR MARKET. There, there was nothing that you can’t get! The saying was that you can purchase from there, even mother and father! The roadside venders used to sell, secondhand items (even those things which are not repairable). During those days, all timepieces were all mechanical timepieces, using hairspring! If my memory doesn’t err, then there were no timepieces using quartz crystal! Leave it. My timepiece was not working. Its spare part was not available in the market, to purchase! One day while I was walking along a road, near Moore Market, I noticed a time piece, as the same model as that of mine, being kept for sale. It was a damaged one. He demanded only a very small amount. I purchased it.

When I opened it at home, there I found the spare part that was avoiding my purchase! With that I repaired my timepiece! After few years it again stopped working. I am still preserving it to be repaired and kept in the show case! I am much fascinated to antiques! I happened to enter the wilderness, forgetting what I was about to say! Now, let me come to the point. Moore Market caught fire!



Moore Market

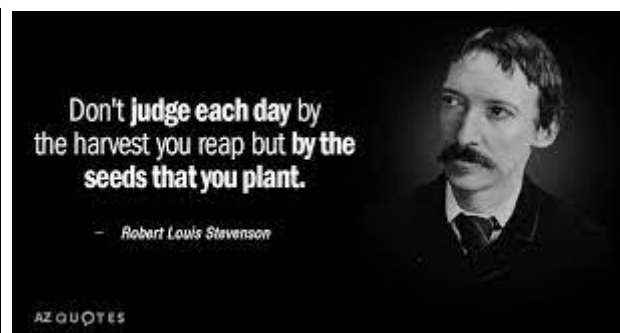
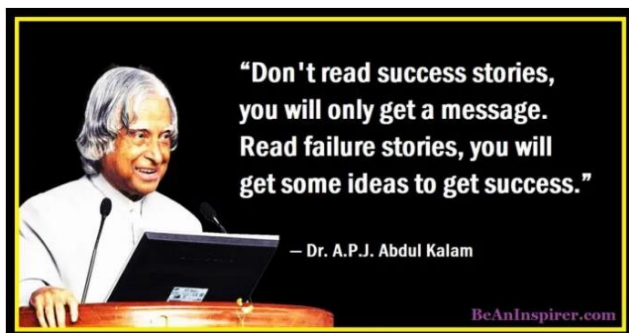


Moore Market burning

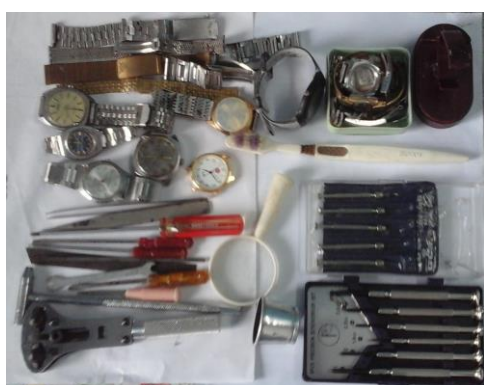
It is at that site, now the present 'Chennai Central Suburban Terminal' stands!

Usually, students reached our residence at 8 in the morning. We taught them one and a half hours. The next batch came as soon as the school time is over in the evening. For 11th and 12th standard students I taught only mathematics. (According to my educational qualification, I am eligible to teach only students up to and including 10th standard! Further the present curriculum of them includes more portions, than that I learnt in mathematics for B.Sc.!) I, with the aid of guides, first learnt 11th and 12th standard mathematics portions, and then taught them! 11th and 12th standard students were taught not in the morning and evening sessions, but at other convenient times! Their numbers were also very less, only a few! Thus, the once a teacher, thence again turned a teacher!

We, the parents never ordered the children to go and study! They themselves studied well. If they asked any doubt, we just cleared them! But we created around them an atmosphere of learning and put them therein! Never there even arose a chance, where we had to censure them for anything; so, the question of beating doesn't arise! Our daughter came out successful in the SSLC Examination as the first rank holder of the school! (During those days, there was a scholarship to the first rank holder student who comes out successful in SSLC Examination, from Keralavidyalayam! Never anywhere in the world, there one might have awarded such kind of a scholarship as this, with peculiarities of its own! Whatsoever long as the student qualified as above said, continue studies to any level, without any failure: BSc., MSc., MBBS., Engineering, IAS., PhD., whatever it maybe, they will get the full amount equal to the expenditure incurred towards fees and cost of the books purchased, reimbursed as scholarship! **It was sponsored by a gentleman known as 'Autoluck Vasudevan', magnanimous! The donor was the 'Resmi Charitable Trust', in the name of his daughter!**) Absence of +1 class, forced us to get our daughter's TC and to admit her in another school!



“Success is not final: failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts.”- Winston S. Churchill



Seeing that the secondhand of my watch lying on the dial of the watch, I approached a watch repairer. He demanded Rupees three which was too high. I bought a magnifying glass for Rupees three and a tool with which the backside of any watch can be opened for Rupees ten! Took them home and fixed the second hand myself.

Thereafter all the tools for repairing watches were purchased as and when the requirement arose! Thus, it attained the status of a full- fledged watch repair section!

Tuition classes were going on full scale! Seeing me teaching students, a well-wisher asked me. “Would there have emerged such problems, if you continued the old job, that headmaster’s post?!” With a mini smile, I replied! “MEN are of different kinds! Aim of Some MEN in life confine with, do work, make money, eat, to maintain a family and die! For those who feel that life is just to live and live only: adore sublimation in it! There happened to be other MEN, at least a few, who wish that they should do something more in life, other than just ending in just living! Of these, I belong to the second group! For those who wish to do something more than just living, will have to face many problems! There is no harm in putting this question, to a MAN, who really do not have the knowledge, skill, and ability enter an arena: just because of mere fascination! There is ample proof for that!” “Pardon me, I.....” Starting so, when he tried to say something: without giving him chance to proceed, I interrupted, “That doesn’t matter!” I continued. You have questioned, “Would there have emerged such problems, if you continued the old job, that headmaster’s post?!” Let us take the question backwards and backwards! Would it have happened, if I hadn’t had born, don’t stop it there, race back and back, generations and generations, till: if this universe hadn’t had ever, been evolved! By completing the picture, even the problem of the demise of the heroine

was solved by me! Because of the delay of four to five years in completing the picture, it is the change in trend from black-and-white to colour, that arose as a stumbling-block in the hearts of the distributors in acquiring the rights of the picture for distribution! If it became possible, to take at least four or five prints of the film and released simultaneously in theatres, the picture would have run theatre full with audience participation! My journey of life would have been en mass re-recorded completely changed! That too, if necessary, can go backwards and backwards! The facts that the public liked the picture and that in unison the whole print media praised the picture: declare it doubtlessly! There is no meaning in turning sorrow! Treat everything as fortuitous and be solace!

Daughter Ushass completed plus two. Following elder sister, son Manonge passed SSLC Examination with first rank holder of the school and became eligible for the greatest scholarship of the world. Daughter got admission in a college for chemistry course. Son was admitted to plus-one-course in a school known to the teacher.

Once the morning session of tuition is over, spending the time without any work to do till the evening session starts, happened to be a great botheration, an idea struck me! 'Start a postal tuition in film direction!' Started! Some twelve persons applied. What happened thereafter I don't remember! For some reason I was not able to continue it. With an apology, I sent back the whole amount paid by them. Thus got the twenty fourth disaster happened!



This is the picture of the tools I used, when I turned into a blacksmith. They were not bought all together! They were bought at different times, in accordance with the arising of the necessity! Small jobs workable inside the flat, without giving nuisance to the neighbours, only were

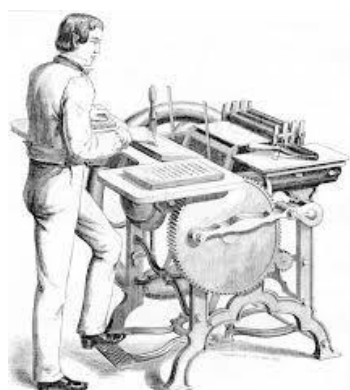
undertaken. Making duplicate keys, work of racks, sharpening the knife, drilling, filing, are just few to mention!

Partition of properties to the members of the family took place in the teacher's house. Some property in her name was sold and a plot was bought at Madras.

Daughter Ushass came out successful in BSc degree examination. Son Manonge passed plus-two examination. Daughter had applied for admission to 'MSc. Applied Chemistry, in Anna University. It was indeed a great event creating history, the waiting at the college compound to know if the admission is in the affirmative or not! Such an event might not have happened anywhere else in the world! If my memory doesn't err, In the morning itself I and daughter reached the college. Noon approached, no information! We went somewhere and ate something. Returned to college and again continued waiting! Evening approached, do not know if it is 'yes' or 'no'! Night approached! Wasn't it necessary on the part of the authorities to convey some information to the hundred or more waiters?! That didn't happen! The rhythm of our heart-beat increased to a great extent! At home everybody will worry for not getting information any from us! (Remember, it was a time, when there was, no mobile phones: and we had no landline connection!) There was no other option other than getting worried we and those at home! At least they could have informed the waiters, that the result would be ready only at such and such time! That too they didn't do! Night also we might have gone out and ate something from somewhere! Do not remember correctly, it may be twelve or one O'clock in the night, when the result was published on the notice-board! After the rush was over, when we went and checked the list, the sufferings we underwent till then, turned out to be a non-problematic event! She did succeed in getting selected to the MSc. course! We reached home somehow or other! Those who underwent mental torture for a whole day at home too felt comfort! Sun Manonge, got admission for BSc. Physics Main, mathematics subsidiary, in Pachiappa's college.

Tuition classes were well progressing and progressing! All the time when I was free Without tuition classes I used to read news-papers, and what-ever news I thought important, I used to cutout and store! I wrote poems, stories etc. in Mother tongue and English, during leisure times! It helped me a great deal in getting ideas galore!

Vijayan bought a treadle printing press in which, the operation of the printing press was done by the operator pressing his leg on the pedal! One day he



informed me, that if I could supply the paper necessary, he could print a 'second edition' of my book 'Chalachithra Samvidhanam' on film direction in Malayalam, making use of the workless times. Much delighted, I started search to find out the two books. After great toiling the brain found out the place it was kept. It's hiding in a leather box kept under the cot! Urgently I went and tried to drag out the

box from under the cot. Heavy resistance, it didn't move! When heavy force was applied to it, it slightly slipped out a portion! White-ants! When the bottom of the box was checked, it was found that white-ant had entered the box. They had, ate away the bottom leather of the box! When, the box was opened, exposed there remains the heart-breaking scene of the whole things kept inside eaten away making them unrecognizable! Out of the two books on film direction kept, one was completely eaten up but, some portions of the other book existed. The image of



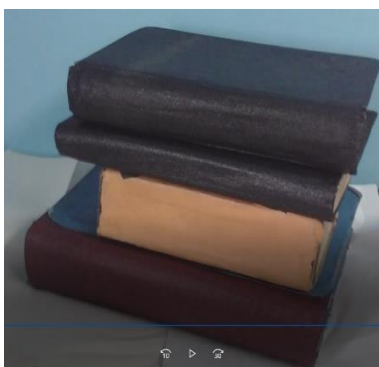
the leftover portion of the book is given here. (From this incident I learnt a lesson. If you preserve two copies of the same thing, do not keep them together at the same place. Keep them at two different locations in two different wrap-ups! Number of disasters is still increasing! It has now touched the mark 25! Since, there was no Malayalam book available, to be given for printing, we decided to print its Tamil version titled 'Thiraippada iyakkam'. Some paper was

bought. When printing of that over more money were given. Thus, the printing went on as he planned!



I was much fascinated towards electronics! Near, Madras-Mount-road post office, there is a street called Richee street. There are a lot of shops there selling only electronic items. Some shops do sell books on electronics. I had purchased a number of books of 'Make-yourself-series'. Three cardboard boxes are full of electronic items! 'Meter' and 'Soldering iron' are seen in the foreground. The cardboard boxes, contains,

'Transistors', 'Resistances' and such items. Make one item, by assembling the parts, as shown in the figure in the book. Enjoy it's working! Disconnect the parts and make another item for which some of these parts may be useful! Don't try to solder anything by taking lead on the soldering iron. It is not the way to do it. Keep the heated iron at the place where soldering is necessary. Once it is heated, apply



lead to that place. Take away the iron. There is no necessity of the iron touching the lead. I myself repaired our cathode-ray tube TV, Radio, Tape recorder, Two-in-one etc.

This picture shows the books I myself bound, using calico and gum!



In this picture, what is seen at the left side is the needle and cutter used by me when I myself repaired our slippers.

What is seen at the centre are the tools I made use of when I did the work of Plumber.

At the right end, of the picture is seen the tool I used to cut glasses.

Elections! A number of them took place one after the other. To whom wife voted is not known to the husband or to whom the husband voted is not known to the wife! We never made a subject of discussion, either politics or religion! I never interfered in the official matters of my wife. I dislike interfering in others' official matters.

Once grown-up, the full liberty to find out their partner should be entirely left to the choice of the progeny! But parents shall be watchful, so that the progeny is not by chance, blunderingly fall a prey to unscrupulous elements. There is no harm in changing the residence, or even leaving the state, to save the progeny from any catastrophe imminent! Parents should be very careful in threatening them. In no way, it should at a weak moment, prompt them towards any act of imprudence. I am not telling about cast, creed or religion! The partner being selected shall be in all ways, one of good temperament, good environment and good habits in drinking and eating.

On 21st May 1991 Prime minister Rajiv Gandhi was assassinated at Sriperumbudur, Tamil Nadu by a woman suicide bomber, a member of 'Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam' who were demanding Tamil Eelam in Sri Lanka. More than fourteen people were killed with him. The opposition and disgust towards sending 'Indian Peace Keeping Force' to make peace in Sri Lankan anarchy, by Rajiv Gandhi, prompted for the horrible act.

Ushass came out successful in MSc. and Manonge in BSc. Ushass joined for BEd. Manonge became a teacher in a school and joined for MCA correspondence Course.

One day a youth came to me and spoke in English, "I am classmate of Ushass for MSc. course. I am a brahmin. My name is Jayasurya. I am working as lecturer in a college. I request you to be kind enough to give her in marriage to me. My elder brother will meet you soon." "Let him come.", I gave the reply. Neither in look, talk or in behaviour I didn't feel anything improper. I enquired to daughter. She said she likes him. I came to understand that they were competing each other for the

first rank, and that always he was getting the first rank! One who gets first rank can never be bad in habits. Sometime after Suria left, a man came and introduced himself as elder brother of Suria and continued. "Pardon me. I know what I am going to request is not right. Circumstantially as this happened to be the most suitable time, I am forced to request you! Now the time is ripe at home with the presence of father, father's father, uncles and other close relatives. All of them are eager to see the girl! It would be much helpful if you please make it convenient on your part to bring the girl now to our house!" I consulted the teacher. We had already booked tickets by the night train to Kerala. So, the only way left was to take her there. Though it was quite against the vogue prevalent those days, we agreed to take her to his house! We do not believe that the vogue prevalent is the only correct convention! Wife, daughter, son and I, all four together went to their house. As reported, there was present a large gathering! The father of Suria gave us a plate full of fruits, flowers etc.! We received it. I inquired if we too have to do so? "Yes." Came the reply. I asked my son to buy fruits and flowers. Hearing it, someone replied, "Not necessary. Fruits and flowers are here. Keep them in this plate and hand over it to us!". Somebody arranged them in the plate and gave it to me. I handed over it to Suria's father. By accepting it, what took place there was the fixation of our daughter Ushass' marriage. The first marriage fixation of its kind ever took place in the world! According to their custom, no share of the properties is to be given by the parents, to the girl. What the parents wish to give the girl should be given at the marriage itself. Those with gray hair expressed their wish to know what we are willing to give the girl. Quickly my wife replied, "So much of money in cash and so much gold ornaments"! They were not making any demand. Just a curiosity, a formality! Without late we returned to our residence and started packing, to leave by the night train.

Back to Madras residence, I typed the written poems and made it in book form. It was 170 pages. If questioned, for what do you write these, there is no answer. It is a mental urge! One who has the ability to write, will write! Get mental satisfaction! They do not think about what will in future happen to the written materials.

Date was fixed for daughter's marriage. All relatives were invited. All of them attended the function.

Morning and evening, tuition classes were progressing in full swing.

Ushass took BEd. Degree. Worked in school. She gave birth to a girl baby. Thereafter stopped working as teacher. The baby was named 'Daya'.

As I saw an advertisement the paper, inviting applications for a post that became vacant in The Film and Television Institute of India, I had also applied. I was invited to attend an interview at Union Public Service Office, New Delhi. I went to Delhi and attended the interview. There was only one more applicant. At interview, they didn't ask me anything. "Sit down Ramchand, we are extremely sorry! Though it is the post of a lecturer, since it is a film institute, we are forced to give weightage to the three-year course in Direction. You are qualified to teach and have experience in teaching, as well as in administration. If you had completed three-year course in Film Direction, we would have appointed you! But, what to do! You take this cheque for your to and fro journey. Best luck next time!" I don't know why they talked to me so much. "You are not selected. Take this cheque." They could have just said. (The punishment for not studying the third year, turned into 26th disaster The decision not to undergo study for the third year was taken by none other than me! If I took a decision to continue studies for the third-year brother-in-law and teacher might have sent me what they could: but the financial constrain that haunted me during the second year of study, deter me from that attempt!) UPC gave the second-class train fare for the to and fro journey. (The one selected, afterwards became the director of the Film Institute. And I like this.)

In course of time Suria became professor, Manonge took MCA Degree and got employed in an IT company. Ushass gave birth to another baby girl. She was named Yasases. Two children, Daya and Yasases! Both names not suggestive of any religion! Somehow it happened! I felt much happy!

Name of Madras was changed to Chennai.

The teacher became the headmistress of the primary section. She had already earned a name, as one who teaches well and well control them! So, whenever there was an excursion, she was one among the teachers who accompany the students-party! She had accompanied the excursion party to distant places such as Madhura, Kanyakumari and such places.

'Meghalaya Governor' Sri MM Jacob visited Keralavidyalayam. "Send some students to Meghalaya, as my gusts." He gave this message to the authorities, before he left. Within a few months, four girl students knowing dance and other art forms, were selected. The onus of taking the students safely to Meghalaya and bringing them back, fell on the teacher and another male teacher. (The management selected them.) They did the task magnificently!

In Meghalaya they visited many schools and presented Kerala's own dance items! Those schools too presented their own programs, for our party to see.



If my memory doesn't err, the excursion took ten days.

Meghalaya is very famous for bamboo handicrafts! (Teacher brought purchased few items. I liked them very much! When residence was changed a number of times, many of them were lost.) They build even full house with bamboo!

Because of heavy workload teacher resigned the post of headmistress, and turned into an ordinary teacher!



It may be the time when we changed our residence to Egmure, the gadget 'trimmer' found its presence in the market. From that time onwards, I started cutting my hair, myself! It may be more than forty years now! This too may be a world record! If you place the blade in it in position and just comb as you comb the hair, the hairs will not get cut. The teeth of the trimmer should be placed and pressed and the thumb must press the hairs to the trimmer and then only drag.

A harmonium that was used by my mother was safely preserved by me in memory of her, at Chengannoor house. My second brother took it and presented it to a relative. Though it was idling at home without anybody using it, when I came to know of it, it saddened me a lot.

Till now, there didn't arise a situation, where I had to mention the name of the state. In 1969 the name of 'Madras state' was changed to 'Tamil Nadu'. We purchased a MIG flat at Jaffer Khanpet, on instalment basis, from The Tamil Nadu Slum Clearance Board. (Teacher had a recurring deposit account. Since tuition classes were going on in full swing, she was able to deposit the whole of her salary to it. It matured and we got the amount.) Its number was A13, 13 a number disliked by many and so avoids! We had no problem. Paying the instalments and maintenance charges, we kept it locked, for one year, without shifting to it, as we had to continue at Egmure, as Teacher had one more year for retirement.

Vijayan informed me that the printing of the book was over. I felt happy, some satisfaction engulfed me! But it didn't last for long! The twenty seventh disaster was impatiently waiting to reach me! Vijayan informs me, "Excuse me, the operation of the printing press happens to come to be stopped! The house owner is adamant that I should immediately vacate the room. Search for another room didn't fruition! Since there is no space to keep the printing machine it is being sold. Today itself you must take away all your printed materials, as it is, to your place."

Hired some vehicle! Amassed all the printed materials together! Took them to the Jafferkhanpet flat and deposited them there! Few books cut, some stitched, some not stitched, some bound, some not bound, some arranged according to page numbers and some loose sheets and finally a heterogeneous mixture of everything together! For few days, Vijayan and son came to the flat, stitched the non-stitched books, bound them and somehow brought in an artificial order of arrangement for them.

Teacher retired. Got pension sanctioned in time. While she was in service, to solve problems regarding service, parity, pay and allowance, increment etc.; she alone or in company with other staff, she had suffered a lot in visiting a number of times, office of the DEO and secretariat! When the annual vacation started, I was making all arrangements necessary to shift residence from Egmure to Jafferkhanpet. One day I happened to have a lot of belching, and that too without interruption! I was almost fainting! Night had also fallen, I think. I was admitted at a hospital in Egmure. The memory I remember is, I being going in car. The rest I don't remember. The next morning when I regained consciousness, I came to understand, that the next morning Suria and his elder brother shifted me to a hospital known to them at Vadapalani. The doctor found out that I was having a mild heart attack, that I was having 'coronary artery disease' and 'triple vessel disease'. For the time being I was to take medicines regularly. With the prescription I was discharged from the hospital. 'Heart attack was the 28th disaster! It was the starting point of continuous regular medicine-consumption!

When discharged from hospital I was taken to the flat at Jafferkhanpet. When I was in the hospital, son had transferred all household items from Egmure to Jafferkhanpet and shifted the residence. I liked the flat very much though it was on the 3rd floor and had no lift. The building was located at the corner junction, where two roads cross each other. There was good air flow! Milk booth, post office, police station, corporation office, provision store, stationary, etc. were all nearby. Since, at present our residence is far far-away from the school, we stopped taking tuition-classes.

The first thing I did in the flat was the making of a stool of good height, with the wooden pieces that were available ready at hand at the flat itself. Then fitted all the fans, by standing on it. The absence of a suitable place to keep the TV, made me to fit a plate, projecting outwards, on the rack kept near the wall. Extended electric connection to that place. Fitted wooden frames to the two wall-closets and fixed separate sliding glass doors for all the shelves of both. Then I painted them.

Though I had never done these works before, all the works gave good results. These too may be the first time in the history of the world!

A very strange thing in the building attracted my attention! Over the window that opens towards the balcony there was concrete window shade! The wonder is that over the balcony too there existed concrete roofing! That gave the clue that when the building was constructed it was not having balcony, but constructed them after the completion of the building! There might not have been anybody to purchase the flats at 1st floor, 2nd floor and 3rd floor, as there was no convenience for drying the washed cloths! As an exception from the ordinary, all the flats of this building were provided separate water-tanks!

I was quite sure that I will not be getting chance to direct feature films. But I did not stop my attempts to exercise what I learnt! The passion towards film making always haunted me! To satisfy the thrust I made an attempt to make advertisement films! I approached many established companies. All of them gave the same reply that they have their advertising agents to do the work. So, I approached new companies. A company that manufactures, drinks like 'Horlics', 'Brownvita', etc. asked me to send a script. I sent them a script, which I thought would be a public attention catcher! (Narasimham when opened the stomach of Hiranyakashipu, finds a bottle of their product.) For me, it was the Idea that matters. But, for them it was the business! I forgot the fact that, objectionable it may be! I was an utter failure in the field of advertisement film-making. It was 29th disaster! Now, suddenly the memory of an advertisement film rushes to my mind!

A woman comes and opens the door of the refrigerator, takes something, closes the door and goes. Another individual comes, opens the door and keeps something inside, closes the door and goes. The process of opening and closing the door of the fridge continues for some time and then comes the commentary! "If, opening and closing of the door continues for some time, a lot of current will be wasted." The viewers gave very good reception to the literary meaning, with prompt and dignity! The progeny of solecism! They completely stopped the system of opening and closing of the door of the fridge a number of times! But they showed not-at-all hesitation any, to keep the door of the fridge opened for a long time! In order to avoid an opening and closing, they were tempted to keep the fridge opened for a long period! I have found this happening in many houses! For a while I happened to think of the ill-effects, an advertisement film can create in the audience, if it is one with shortcomings! How much influence, even a small movie can force to get penetrated an idea into the human minds is well exposed here!



(Put a very small stone into the water in a small vessel. It sinks to the bottom and lies there. The density of stone is greater than that of water. That is why it so happens. Put a small piece of wood in the same water. It floats on the top of water. It is because the density of wood

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is less than that of water. You might have stood aghast, seeing the beautiful sight of innumerable balloons of different colours filled with hydrogen, the density of which is less than that of air, climbing up and up like that in a race! At least in TV, you might have seen picnic hunters travelling high in the air and enjoying the beauty of nature; in huge balloons, which have equipment necessary to heat and keep always full them with hot air; and seats for Men to sit! This travel is made possible, because the density of hot air is less than that of the natural air! This can be said in the reverse order too. Cold air is denser than hot air.)

The truth is that for opening and closing the door of the fridge, no current at all is used, as the actions are just mechanical! It is the force exerted by the hand that does the work. When opened, a bulb lights up. It consumes only very little current. All the current is spent to cool the atmospheric air! The cool air in the

fridge is denser than the air in the atmosphere. So, when the door is opened, the denser air in the fridge gets out at the bottom, and less dense hot air enters at the top space, vacated by the air that moved downwards. If kept opened, because of this phenomenon, the cold air inside the fridge will be replaced by hot air of the atmosphere. It doesn't take much time to happen this! If the fridge is once

opened, the necessity of keeping things inside and taking out those that are to be taken out, and then closing the door as quickly as possible arise, because of this! Even if it is needed to open and close a number of times, that doesn't matter much, what is to be avoided is keeping the fridge opened for a long time! If once the fridge is filled with air from the atmosphere, to make the whole air inside cool, too much current will be consumed!

The length of advertisement films should be as short as possible. The more the length of film the more will be the time taken for screening it. If screening time increases, charges for screening will increase. For screening one second, so much amount; that is the rate for screening advertisement films. The success of advertisement films depends on accommodating more information in least time! In the preoccupation of reducing the length, the film maker abruptly stopped the commentary by just saying "If opened and closed a number of times too much current will be consumed!" It would have been possible to avoid the unwanted misinterpretation, if "like that happens when kept opened for long time." too was added to the commentary! "Often opening and shutting is equivalent to keeping it opened!" That too would have been sufficient! Even the name 'fridge' can be avoided as it is being shown visually.

The wall closet in the hall was used as a showcase. That in bedroom was used to keep cloths. There arose space necessary to keep the books printed by Vijayan and



library books. For that I transformed two racks into closets! (I am explaining here, the method I adopted, assuming that it may become useful to someone else.)

Left-side, right-side and back of both the racks I covered with hardboard. I put small holes on the legs of the rack, and with small nut and bolt, fixed the hardboards. For one rack I made doors with hardboard, half openable to the left and half openable to the right.

Toothpaste lids were used as handles! I, used this closet to keep books printed by Vijayan. For the other rack, for each shelf I made, separate 'sliding-glass-door'! It was a very difficult job, the marriage between Iron and glass! A very intelligent method was adopted to make that event possible! To fix the aluminum duct

on which the glass doors are to move on wheels, not and bolt can't be used, as they will project upwards, creating obstructions on the pathway for the smooth sliding of the glasses on the runway! It would be possible to move the glasses

smoothly, only if the head of the nails are very thin and flat! In the picture of the closet given above it was not possible to include the lower shelves.

Equal to the length of the shelf, aluminum ducts were cut and small holes put on them. Then they were placed on the shelf iron plate, where exactly the doors are to slide, and marked on the plate the positions of the holes put on the ducts. At those marks holes equal in size of those on the duct, were made. Under the plate small wooden piece measuring the length and breadth of the duct and having thickness sufficient for the nails to be accommodated was placed. (The wooden



pieces are not visible from the front.) With the help of suitable nails; the duct facing upwards, the iron plate and the wooden piece were joined together. Similarly, duct facing downwards too were fixed at bottom of the plate exactly parallel to the duct

facing upwards. After making the plates ready like this, then only the rack assembled, with the sliding glasses too kept in position. For making the sliding of the doors, more- smooth, 'packet sealing straps' were putt on the runway! (The white strips shown in the picture.) Aluminum coloured paper was pasted to hide the holes on the rack! (They were the covers of something regularly purchased!) In the picture of the closet the holes are visible as the picture was taken years after making it, when those papers had withered away.) Painted with aluminum-paint, the sides of the iron plate visible from the front. A view from the front gave the feeling that the closet was made of stainless steel! It, was a Herculean task the making of the closet! My son was always there to help me in my ventures. Above all, it is the imagination, mental poise, fearlessness, and the thrust for novelty, that matters! It may be the first and last time such a closet is made in this world!

In the bedroom, I myself fixed a small rack of four shelves, on the wall. I took electrical connections to the beds in bedroom and hall, so as to switch on and off, the light and fan, from the bed itself! There was no washbasin in the bathroom. So, I fixed one there. I made arrangements with a company and got grills fixed at the front door and the three open sides of the balcony.

I am against the discrimination of the fair sex. Even in English Language there crept in discrimination, quite biased! I, coined the word 'XOME' for avoiding the words 'woman' and 'female' which are derived from 'man' and 'male'! 'XOME' is coined from the word 'XX Chromosome'. Equivalent to it 'YOME' too was coined from 'XY Chromosome' to represent the 'unfair' sex! When the possibility of forming independent words with scientific base existed, why they are coined from the words that stand for the male. If 'chairman' can be changed to 'chairperson' to avoid discrimination and be unbiased?

I wrote a poem as if it is the lamentation by the XOMES:

PIERCING LAMENTATION!

OHM.....OHM.....OHM.....

Then, didn't the 'FIRST-SAVING-TONE' OHM, the ALMIGHTY, branch into three?!
All the three, YOMES: not even a XOME at least as tutelage!
Why could, at least for names sake, not even a single ONE of THEM, turned out a XOME?!

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Didn't at a stroke, even the GOD deserted the XOME forlorn!?
GOD the impartial omnipotent didn't send a Prophetess to refine us!
God the omniscient originator didn't send own Daughter to save us!

Why, can't then, the creation of XOME was made done first?!
Why wasn't the creation of YOME done second, with the bone of the YOME?!
In that case, like today, there would not have got chance to degrade XOME! Isn't it?!

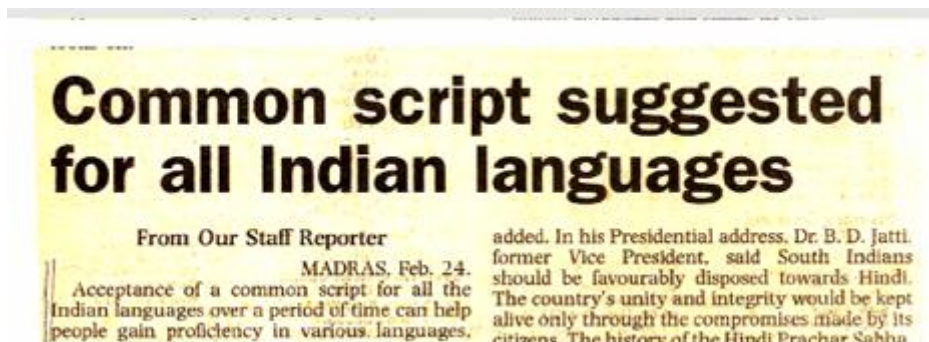
If most carefully thought, doesn't that great fact very well enunciated
That the authors of religious books are all rancorous YOMES? Tell! Isn't it so?
Doesn't the content of these Writings clearly hollering depict it? Spell out!

Will you not collectively think, is there any religion in this world, founded by XOME?!
There is not at all any religion molded by the XOME! All religions do have the same flounder!
"Spell how to succeed even without giving a little equality to XOME! Tell, a way! Tell, tell!"

The fret of XOME is not at all that! Doesn't it day by day, kill and kill without murdering?!
Isn't there regret any, that not even a single one among the incarnations assumed by God,
Came out ever to be a XOME?! We require both, all and all, the XOME and the YOME! Even

XOME..... XOME..... XOME.....
((((o))))

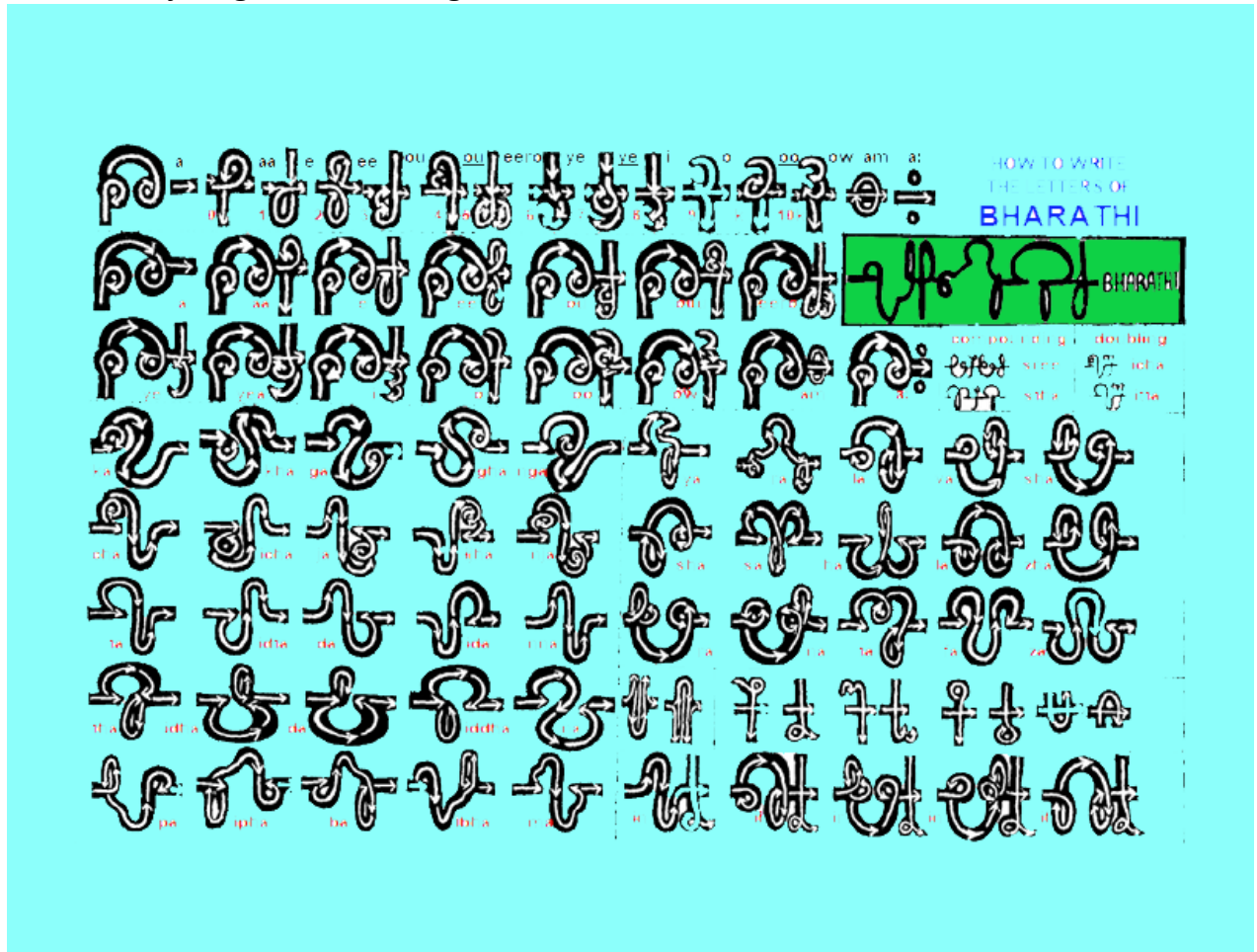
Son-in-law Soorya got a scholarship from Israel, and so went to Israel and joined for PhD course. In the second year he took Ushass and children to Israel for few months. On return Ushass joined for MCA course distant education.



In 1994, There was a call from a competent authority to invent a common script for all Indian Languages. The idea struck me. I learned the script of all Indian languages and finally succeeded in inventing a script, entirely new in its contour from any existing script in this world. I named it BHARATHI. The shape of three

letters 'BHA', 'RA' and 'THA' form the name, are extracted from the outline map of 'BHARATH' (INDIA)! The image of the script is given below.

Just learn 10 letters and become master of 38 letters by manipulation! Just learn the diacritics. You have then already learnt the numerals, as selected diacritics turns numerals, when they stand alone! The white arrow marks shown in the letters are just guides showing how to write them.



1. BHARATHI 1994 is the only script in the world, having the composition of hooks at left and right sides of their hips, in order to join one another, letters and symbols (diacritics) in words!
2. If ever, a script came into existence in the world, in which all the letters of words could be written from beginning to end continuously without even a little break, it is none other than BHARATHI 1994!
3. There is only a single one script in this world, in which the numerals are not to be learnt separately. It is BHARATHI 1994! In the world, which script, except BHARATHI 1994, do have the property of turning into numerals, the symbols (diacritics) that are used for giving vowel sound effects to letters when they stand alone, taking themselves the place of numerals?!

4. As a script without any compound letter at all, BHARATHI 1994 stands separate! All compound letters are formed in BHARATHI 1994!
5. BHARATHI 1994 is the only script today in the world, having separate, separate letters for the greatest number of sounds pronounced, other than compound letters! It has already letters for 68 vocal sounds. Any number of letters according to the need can be formed in BHARATHI 1994!
6. BHARATHI 1994 is the one script that exists in the world, which in its infancy state itself, a Font came into being! (The first and probably the last script, for which a Font is created by the inventor of the script itself!)
7. It is doubtless that BHARATHI 1994 occupies the first place among the very rare elegant scripts, without including a single letter having a dot or line, above or below, left or right!
8. In preference to other language scripts, it is the peculiarity of BHARATHI 1994, that not even for a single letter, no fleck or streak (diacritics), is to be put in, before it!
9. For BHARATHI 1994, in order to double letters, there is no necessity to rely upon the method used for creating compound letters! It is made possible by using a special diacritic!
10. It is really a point to be mentioned preferentially, that not even a single letter of BHARATHI 1994, do have portions projecting upwards or downwards from the normal level!
11. There is not even an iota of doubt for the fact, that for all reasons, it is a praise-worthy thing, all letters of the script BHARATHI 1994 are of the same height!
12. The written script folk of BHATATHI 1994 really prepare a banquet that gives cooling effect to the eyes!

In India or abroad, I was the only man who invented a script for using as a common script for all Indian Languages. Though not materialized I don't consider it as the 29th disaster! There could have been more entries and there could have selection too. A failure in a competition can't be considered as a disaster.

The script with all details was sent to the then government of India. But, for reasons unknown, fruition of the idea never took place. I had no means to make the public aware of the existence of such a script. So, I compiled all the items into small book and preserved it on the internet.

Pakistani troops, disguised as Kashmiri militants, infiltrated into positions on the Indian side of LoC (which serves as the de facto border between the two states in Kashmir) and occupied many important places. To confirm their stand, they didn't even accept the bodies of their dead soldiers. International pressure forced them to accept the reality and withdraw from the occupied places. Thus, the war known as Kargil war ended.

Son Manonj's job was not suited to him. An MCA degree holder was not necessary for doing that work. He was thinking of getting a suitable job. If he undergoes a particular course, surely, they will get him employed in USA. We, mother and father asked him a number of times to join that course. But he did not heed to our advice. "Father and mother manage money with much difficulty. They are not rich enough to spend 50,000 rupees for a course. It is not right to make them spend such a huge amount." It was his argument. However, as a result of pressuring him too much, finally he agreed to join the course. He joined the course. When he completed the course, he was selected to go to USA. Teacher's friend- teacher, helped us with a loan of 50,000 rupees for Manonj to meet all the expenses involved in his trip to USA. He went to USA and got employed. He repaid the money to the teacher who gave the loan.

My wife's brother paid the money for her property. She gave 50,000 rupees to my brother Nanu for the construction of a house for his family. If, in the way in which he acted towards me in financial dealings, I should not have allowed her to give money to him! But I didn't oppose to her desire. (To a step-mother's son, no one in the world might have ever given rupees 50,000 in charity.) He constructed a house.

Uhass took MCA degree. After taking PhD, Soorya joined the same college where he was working before. Now not lecturer but as professor.

In between, some time ago I had purchased a sewing machine and practiced stitching. Now I bought a tailoring self-instructor. For a long time, some fabrics were idling inside the cabinet. I selected one poplin cloth for a shirt. I took my measurements. Looking at the picture, how to draw and cut I made the sketch and cut the cloth along the line. I then stitched it myself. The result gave me a perfect shirt as if made by an experienced tailor! This also may be the first time in the history of the world, a man who without any previous tailoring experience cutting and stitching a shirt using new cloth in the first attempt! Didn't stop the venture with that. There was cloth for pant also. I took that too. Followed every detail, and gave shape to a pant as if it is stitched by a tailor, yet another first! From that time onwards I stitched all my dresses myself.

Since Suraj got employment in a petroleum company's research section, he resigned from the college. As the office of the company was in Bangalore, Soorya and family shifted their residence to that place. Soon they bought a flat there and settled there.

As we felt it very difficult to remit the monthly instalments to the Board which was very faraway, we sold the land purchased few years ago and with that money, in a single instalment, cleared the total amount that was to be remitted. Thus got the flat registered in the name of my wife.

The want of a stool of normal height, created a lot of problems. So, I made up my mind to make one. The wooden pieces were kept on the 'unwanted' shade, of the window opening to the balcony. The sight I saw, when I got up on the big stool put on the balcony near the shade, was a quite shocking one. There I saw a big cavity on the wall about the size of three bricks. The bricks were lying on the shade. Inside the room there was only a small hole through which the cables of the AC were taken. While making the hole, the bricks might have come out accidentally. Since the cavity was not visible from the balcony, they left it as it is and went away after doing their job. I bought cement and sand, and I myself closed the cavity. Thus, I did the work of mason too. The hole on the wall, I made perfect, with the help of a piece of PVC pipe. (A question flashed through my brain! Why such a whole is not put on the wall while constructing of the building?!)



As soon as the work of the mason was over started the work of carpenter and made the small stool. In the picture the big stool I made is seen in the back. The small stool now I made is seen in the front. The peculiarity of this stool is that, at one side the crossbar at the bottom is not fixed there. Instead, it is fixed at a higher position to enable keeping something easily under it! Some more items I created as a carpenter.

Because of the recession that haunted USA, Manonj lost his job in USA. We asked him to return. He came back and joined a company. When found it not suitable for him, he joined another company. Finally, he got employed in a good company.

I was not able to show you the Divana I made long back for accommodating students who came for tuition classes. At that time its picture was not taken. Now it partners with a single cot to make a double cot. The room being single room and the cot assumes the position of a double cot, there is not space left anywhere except there where the door opens. So, it is difficult to cover the whole of it while taking photos. Yet I am making a trial!



The green-coloured portion seen is the top of the Divana. It is filled with sponge rubber. The left part of the ground space occupies the single cot.



If the sponge is shifted from its cavity on the Devana mere wooden plate will be seen, as shown in the picture above left. The tail end width of the leg of the Divana is shown above right. All the portions of the Divana that can be seen from out-side is laminated. The seat and its sides of the stools I made, too were laminated. My ventures as a carpenter didn't end with

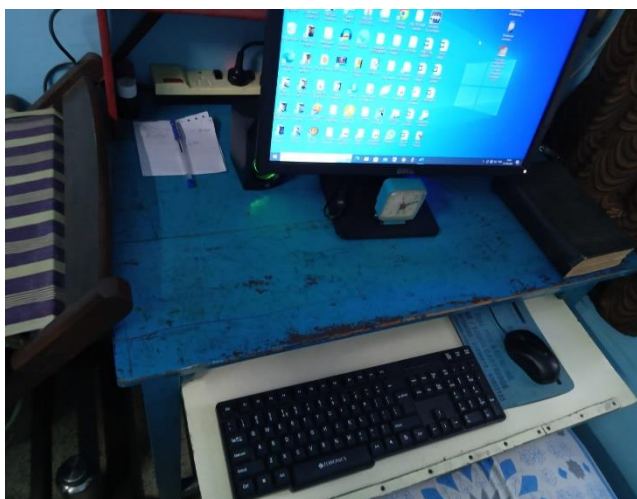
these. I made a table for the TV and laminated it. I laminated the dining table.

I made some change in the easy chair. There are two hands for the easy-chair.



They are to keep the legs up on it and lie 'easily' on it. I was in need of a table to write. I shifted the position of the hands to a place more-high, so as to keep a wood plate on it, over which paper can be placed and I could write. When tired just lean back and take rest. All of my writings were born

there. Another work worthy to mention is that I fitted a drawer to my computer



table, so as to keep the key-board and the mouse. When in use the drawer can be drawn out and when not in use can be pushed in and save the space that was lacking. Thus, the single room turned into my office. I did write or type, or make videos. I like creating videos with visuals according to the meaning of the lyrics of the songs, from albums or films.

As a result of much compelling, son Manonj finally agreed to see a girl settled and employed in Chennai itself. He saw the girl and as he liked her, marriage was fixed. Invited all the relatives.



In three days, I myself painted the front door grill and that of the balcony.

In the next few days, I myself white washed all the rooms.

(In the picture what is seen at the left end is an aluminum spoon, which I converted into mason's rake.)

All invitees, from Kerala, Calcutta, Jaipur, and Nagpur, came; and the marriage took place auspiciously.

In the same floor as that of daughter-in-law's mother, Manonj bought a flat and shifted his residence there. But, on all holidays son came and enquired about our welfare. On working days, he made enquiries by making phone calls.

After the heart attack, now and then I had been to be admitted in the hospital. Most of them with a new disease. Once a toilet closet was to be purchased.



But sitting on it was very painful. So, when I was cured, I bought a seat and fixed it on the closet. The second picture shows the closet after fixing the seat.

{The pictures of the tools I used, and the things I made, are reproduced here; as proof of the fact that the statements made are real reporting of what really happened and not just the imagination of the author!}

Days passed on and on, I either writing or typing on the computer.

Daughter-in-law gave birth to a girl baby. Thus, son Manonj too became a father. They gave her the name Manjusha. Somehow it so happened that, that name too didn't indicate any religion.

As I was not able to urinate, I was admitted in the hospital. In an operation the disease was cured. Thus the 29th disaster took place. (Mere admission to the hospital for a disease is not considered as a disaster, only that led to operation is considered as disaster.) Within four months I had pain at the heart. Took Coronary Angiography. Dr told that heart operation must be performed as early as possible. For an authoritative second opinion my son took me to a famous heart

specialist and showed him the coronary angiography. He too recommended the operation. Thus 30th disaster was confirmed. So, a date was fixed at the convenience of the doctor who operates. I was admitted in the hospital two days ahead of the date of operation. All necessary tests were done. The results were satisfactory. Keeping me on the bed, I was taken to the operation theatre. I was not fearful! I didn't feel any particular emotion. I didn't even think of the operation. Total twelve days I was in the hospital. The cure was eventless. I was discharged and returned to the flat.

Six to seven years passed so. Every holiday, son came and enquired about our welfare. Now and then Soorya and family too came from Bangalore and visited us. Since we wife and husband found it difficult to climb the stairs, we made up our mind to rent out our flat and shift towards a ground floor, on rent. We further decided that the shifting should be to a place as near as possible to our son's residence. Our son found out a ground floor flat in the street net to that where he stays. We shifted to that flat. To keep the TV, I made a table. Laminated the top and sides. Laminated the dining table too. Son started visiting us every day. Since in the nearby street the traffic was very rare, it facilitated our morning walk. As the side effect of a medicine made my right hand a bit shaking, I was not able to write. So, all my works had to be channelized through the computer. All the books written were digitalized and published continuously one after another, as e-books. I vented a new system and made videos giving visuals to Malayalam hit songs according to the meaning of the lyrics, and continued to send them to YouTube.

Only one year or so I was able to continue my walking. After that it became impossible for me to walk distances more than that we usually walk inside house! Had to attend a marriage at home-state. To avoid the walk in the railway platform, my son bought me a wheel-chair. I came to know of it only when I saw it. With the wheel-chair went to home-town and attended the marriage.

My stepmother's son Nanu wrote a letter to my son, informing him that if forty thousand rupees is not immediately got, the only way left to me and my family is to suicide, and succeeded in extracting the amount from my son, guaranteeing return of the money. I never knew about the letter. My son never consulted me about it. (The 50,000 rupees given to Nanu by my wife for construction of a house was not given as loan but in charity!) Even though Nanu got money, he didn't repay the money to my son. Is it not money?! Once it comes into hands, mind will not permit culprits to return! Formerly used to write to me. That he stopped. Without informing the address of the present house, he is dallying! In my life there are two persons who intentionally cheated me! (The first one is Radhakrishnan, my

partner of the film production and the other one is Nanu, both for grabbing money!) This too I consider as a disaster and so it is the 31st one.

Without difference any, Cast, Creed, Religion, Sex, Age, Colour, Rich, Poor, External appearance or Education; love all good human beings, extend help to the needed among them, safeguard all living creatures and beings (exception mosquitos and such harmful beings) and vegetation, destroy all viruses and bad bacteria: that is my viewpoint, philosophical!



This hoarding wrought and put up by KELVA NAGARI Police Station of Maharashtra, India, is indeed very conspicuous!

Now what I am presenting here may be aversion to the most-major-majority! It lays the foundation for paving the way for a novel philosophical thought, which in my knowledge, nobody in the world ever put forward! Parents have no right to inject into the growing brain, their beliefs and faiths. For example:



Future monks of monasteries!

What right do the parents have to decide in advance; the future of these innocent children almost six years old shall end up as monks of monasteries. It is high time we should respect the individuality of the infant.

The so-called fathers and mothers; can you guarantee, if these children were not smashed like this; instead, if they were allowed to grow, blossom; great perspicacious scientists, intellectual administrators, sagacious judges, doctor specialists and so on, at least a some among them, would not have become!?

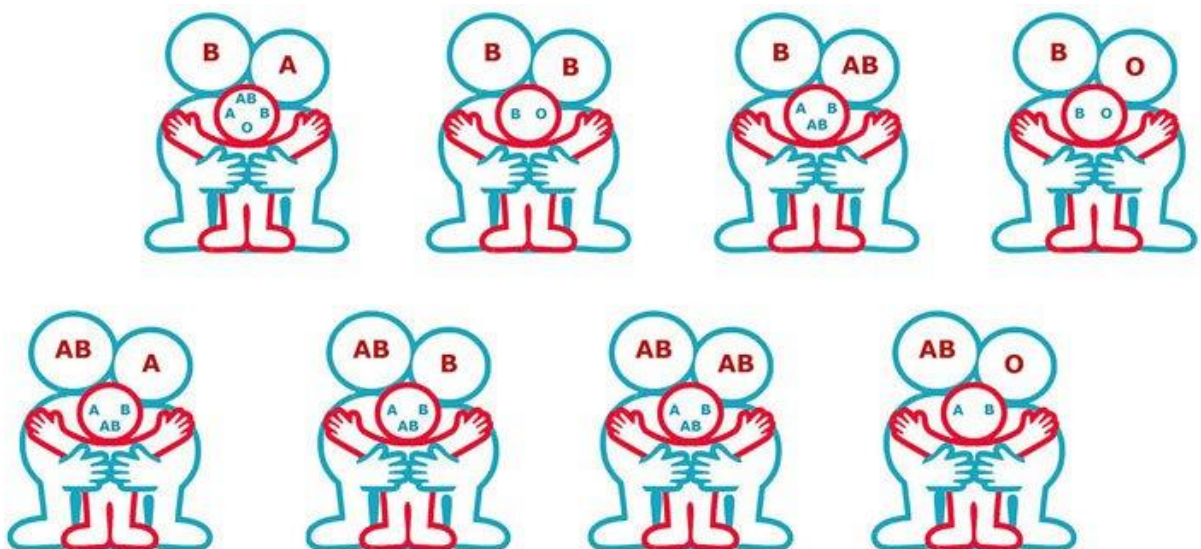
Aren't these reasonless criminals denying those elegance, charm to humanity as a whole?! Sacrificing children for the delight of the elders!

It is not possible to cover all the religions of the world! There are 4,300 religions in this wonderful world!

But it is interesting to note the attempt made in Kerala by a community to upgrade the status of the very great social reformer Sri Narayana Guru to that of a God! But the court made it clear that he is a social reformer and not God.

"The religion's founder, Buddha, is considered an extraordinary being, but not a god. The word Buddha means "enlightened." The path to enlightenment is attained by utilizing morality, meditation and wisdom. Young children, some as young as 6 years of age child monks do not necessarily fit with principles articulated in the Convention on the Rights of the Child ([UNGA, 1989](#)) and the United Nations Guidelines for the Alternative Care of Children ([UNGA, 2009](#))".

Children with blood groups other than that of the parents too are born, is ample proof for the fact that the progeny is entirely a separate individual, which we have to honour.



In the 1st two images, 'O' progeny is entirely different! In the 3rd 'A', in the 5th 'B', in the 7th 'A' and 'B' are entirely different blood groups.

**RELIGIONS HAVE NOTHING TO DO
WITH HUMANITY!**



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Abdul Raheem, an Afghan soldier who lost both his hands in war, received a pair of hands from Joseph of Kerala who had suffered brain death. Joseph's wife and daughter are looking at the hands that once caressed them. The transplant surgery was performed by Dr Subramanian Iyer (blue shirt) of the Amrita Hospital, Kerala. A Hindu doctor - a Christian organ-donor - a Muslim recipient - that's humanity!

**RELIGION IS A CRAZE!
RELIGION IS A CURSE!
RELIGION IS INVENTED
BY IGNORANCE OF REALITY!
RELIGION IS FORMED BY CHEATERS,
FOR CHEATERS!**

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“All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.”

The above has been given in Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. I am not just uttering words beautiful! We in our life have practicalized these ideas! In our house we never prayed anybody! We never conducted any religious ceremonies in the house! We never injected into the innocent tender brain and heart, the existence or non- existence of God! But we had a small library! It includes Qur'an, Bible, Ramayanam, Bhagavatham, Geetha and so on. Anybody could at any-time take any book and read it. That facility we arranged for our children. We were craze in enlarging our library. The glass door closet I made was full and half of a table top too was occupied by books of various subjects, dictionaries, encyclopedias, life histories, novels, poetry books, Text books of different standards and, and what not! If I could sometimes succeed in starting a publication then the library would be an asset. That idea also was in mind. (Years back, even before the marriage of my daughter, one day I saw a religious book on the hath of the latrine. It was not one from our collection. I understood everything. “They are grown-ups. Their likes.” I didn't expose the incident to anybody.) **LET HUMANITY LEARN TO HONOUR HE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE INFANT.**

I dislike wasting of reusable things. All repairable and reusable items should not be thrown away. It is a national wastage, better say, global wastage. If you don't like using repaired items; repair it, make it usable and then throw away. Some body may use it and will not add to national wastage. When I requested for a small tin of petroleum-based adhesive to repair my slippers, the reply came, “New slippers costs only the cost of adhesive!” as he thought that I am doing all things myself, is to save money! I felt much vexed as he had not still understood me! Some, consider me as a miser or scrooge. It is the thrill in doing the work that enthralls my spirit. You can't buy it in the market, whatever amount you are ready to pay. If you have a small cardboard box to be disposed-off don't throw it away in single. It will be wasted. It is a National-wastage. (BETTER SAY GLOBAL WASTAGE!) Keep, it in the waste bin. When it becomes a sizable quantity, tie them together or put in a packet and then throw it away. If in singles, it may not even reach the rags picker. But, in the other case it will definitely reach the rags pickers' hands, and so will not become a National-wastage! They will be recycled into usable properties. **I feel, some award must be created for the rag pickers!**

((((0))))

Continued in Part 3.



Thoughts Flux!

JUICE MEAGRE, FIBRE GALORE!



Don't teach the progeny, any religion or scepticism! Or if adamant and insists that they should be taught religion, teach them all religions and scepticism! After getting grown up and then having a mature mind, to make self-thinking, let them select what they want! The thirst of preoccupation, the parents display in injecting

into the tender-mind-hearts, the religions of their own beliefs and faiths; were shown in teaching them science; long, long-long long-ago this world would have been turned into a paradise: love, love, and love everywhere, no hate in speech, deed or thought! Along with mama-milk, aren't superstitions specials thrust into, to the infants tender growing knowledge, intentionally hammered and get destroyed, the future generation!? Even if to-day there is none to agree and side with our metaphysics; after few generations, at least a few will surely be there! Their numbers will continue growing on and on! Now it may not get digested to none in the whole world! Thief trying to make progeny too famous thief, or prostitute trying to make progeny too prostitute grate, is in no way inferior to the present-day existing ways by which parents trying to make progeny religious minded! The fact that religious minded have very, very great devilish majority need not mean that their way is correct. If we two are the only persons on earth with our way of thought in bringing up the children, that doesn't rightly mean our idea is wrong. In this case, which belief is the correct one, is not an IDEA to which a conclusion can be arrived at, just on the consideration of the majority number!

After the American solar astrophysicist Parker, theorized expanding 'Super solar wind', though we got information enormous about the sun, even today there remains many questions without getting answers! On May 18, 2018, the memory-card with the names electronically carved, of public from all over the world willing

to send their names into the sun, was consecrated in Parker Solar Probe! The VIP pass issued to me by NASA as a token to the fact that my name too is included in it, is the first image shown here. At 3.31 AM EDT (Eastern Day-light Time), scripting the beginning of famous historical mission, the space-ship was launched from the Florida launch



<https://youtu.be/1dm4WUx7z1A>

site! Even today, it is collecting information and sending to earth continuing its journey through places never before any probe had ever taken place. URL gives the video. Type it on the browser, click and see the video!

One day a very strange thing happened. Heard the sound of a loud shot! I rushed to the kitchen. The cap of the pressure-cooker lies on the floor! When looked up there was visible a spot where the cap hit there! The pressure had increased to such an extent, that it pushed the cap up to the roof! The safe valve didn't melt created the whole problem. Fortunately, at that time there was nobody in the kitchen. The edge of the cap was out of shape.

House owner sold the house. So, we had to vacate the flat. Fortunately, we got flat in the same block where our son resides. Daughter-in-law's mother and father too stays in another flat on the 3rd floor. Son's flat is on the 3rd floor, we got a flat on the 2nd floor. But, compared with the flat we are now staying, the floor area of the new flat was not sufficient to keep our belongings. The shifting presented me with three very unhappy things. There was no space for the sewing machine. So, I had to donate it to the nurse who used to come once a week, to give injection to me. I had to depart with the two closets that I myself made. Really speaking I was in love with the closet with sliding glass doors! As there was no space to keep the books in the new flat, we were compelled to depart away with our library books! We were left with no other way other than donating the books to libraries. We donated the closet with sliding glass doors to our domestic servant. The picture of it I got from the servant is here reproduced pages ago, long back. We finally shifted to the new flat. But the shifting induced in me some vigour! I myself packed a lot of things. Re arranged them at the new flat! I started walking around the compound accommodating more than 12 blocks.

I am under the treatment of mainly two doctors, one is a cardiologist for the heart and the other is a pulmonologist for lungs and respiratory track. Both of them are magnanimous enough to lavishly present me with plenty of drugs! Daily I have to take 17 to 20 medicines! An incident rushes to my mind! My hand was shaking for years. Noticing it, both of them advised, me to meet a neurologist. With the great expectation of getting a chance to use at least three more medicines, I met a neurologist and showed him the list of medicines I was consuming daily! But we were stunned, hearing his verdict! "You need not take any medicine for this. This is the side-effect of some medicines you are taking." A question flashed through our mind, "Do, doctors like this one, advising not to take any medicine exist in this wretched world?!"

Recently, I just went through my hospital files, that of the cardiologist. There were two thick files. From 1999 till date, I had been admitted 23 times. If they too are counted the number of disasters will go to 52. I went through the names of diseases for which I am treated there. All the names I liked very much! Names

fluttering, reverberating the universe! The chance of anybody else in this world, having got the great opportunity of having so many bombastic pronouncing diseases in a single individual is very impossible! I doubt, haven't I even felt a bit of arrogance for becoming the owner of such a very great treasure! 'Coronary Artery Disease, Systemic Hypertension, Hyponatremia, Benign Prostate Hyperplasia, Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary disease....' Stopped, just for an example quoted so much, that's all! I know you are impatient as I put an end to quoting all the names! (I even tried to get my name added in the Guinness BOOK of World Records as the only man in the world having the greatest number of diseases! But they replied that there no such an item! If a new item is to be started, I will have to pay certain amount in Dollars as fee for it!)

When thought of my treatment, another strange case roars through my brain! It happened long back. I do not even remember the year. I got a telegram informing me that my brother Nanu in admitted in hospital, heart case. Then itself caught the next train to Kerala. Next morning, on reaching Kerala I rushed to the hospital. It was a four roomed hospital, out of which one room was for inpatients. I met the doctor and enquired about the condition of the patient. The doctor told me that "Nanu is not having any disease, I do not know why he continues staying here!" With this information collected from the doctor, I then went to the patient's room. My stepmother too was present there with her son, as helper to the patient. I made enquiries about the patient, posing myself unaware of anything. Venu said he had chest pain. Mother complimented it saying that there was presence of blood in the saliva, when he did spitted! I didn't utter a single word in reply. I cleared the hospital bill and took them to their residence, paid some money to her and bid farewell to them. Even today the question, why they acted such a drama stands unanswered.

Every living being, organisms on earth is always undergoing metabolism or is evolving! In December 2019, at the place Wohan in China, a new pandemic, till then unknown to humanity, came into existence! Very quickly it was spreading. A student from Wohan University, who reached Thrisoor, Kerala on holidays leave have had been a victim to that disease! It seems it was the first reported case in India. To that coronavirus disease that came into being in China, 'World Health Organization' (WHO); gave the name COVID 19. It spread all over the world. To avoid further quick spreading, India declared 'lock down'. As getting out of the flat came to an end, walking also got stopped.

If in fear of attack by coronavirus, putting a stop to all offerings to Gods and religious ceremonies; Man stopped going to mosques, churches, temples and such prayer houses; what achieved is the stoppage of quick spreading of COVID-19 by contact, thus saving the humankind from a great catastrophe: and not the annihilation of humanity by the anger of Gods! **It is now quite amply clear that the prayer houses have nothing to do with man's prosperity, don't help in any way to avoid the health and life of mankind being terminated!** The cat is now out of the

bag! Diseases are cured not by the God of any religion: diseases are cured by what is achieved by scientific research inventions! Man is saved by Man and not by any supernatural powers! A doctor MAN may save many human beings. Human beings save, human beings! Even staunch believers in God, didn't wait for more time expecting ruth from their own God, but are waiting for a vaccine! Yet they, the so-called believers will not learn! About that a 'corona-days' poem:

GLITTERING ACTUALITY!

(Poem!) TK Ramchand

Places of worship unnecessary
Academies are what are necessary
Oh! Friend! Isn't it now clearly established!?

Can have academies, they provide knowledge,
In cases of emergency can give shelter too!
Venerable are orphanages, they give maintenance
To refugees, so permissible whole heartedly!

Today, to humanity, what uses do
The places of worship provide?
At least from hither, stop construction
Of places of worship, instead let blossom
There, hospitals and academies!

Once annihilating the virus is over
God traffickers will raise religious sentiments!
Monstrous their exploiting and profiteering mentality!
You booby Man, forget the winsome spell of religions' incantation!
Liquor an intoxicant, religion still more terrible intoxicant!
In case if they both attack the brain, sobriety will fail,
Tenor will halt, killing will start and life will get extinguished!

Loving erections, great waste, proved! Rest predicament!
Where are those exploiters, went where in hide, those sorcerers?

Other than those who extract income and other than those
Who exploit position and fame, care of the shade of the almighty!
Who else do benefit by the bewitching places of worship!?

Awake at least now, isn't it proved beyond doubt
Prayer won't yield result! Embrace glittering actuality!

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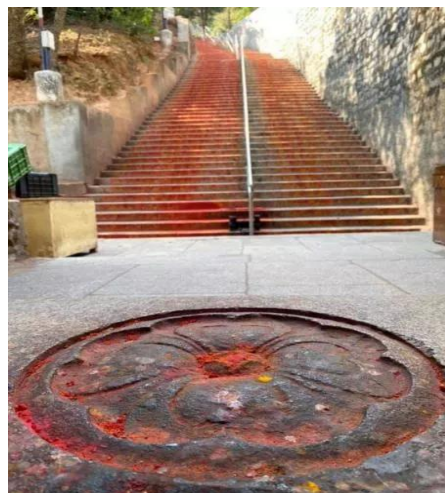
All started wearing masks. Our son Manonje stopped the service of the domestic servant who daily came and worked. He himself took the responsibility of supplying everything to our three families staying in this block. He is quite careful in using sanitiser solutions as and when needed. Man bringing gas was not allowed to enter the house. Man supplying water bottle too have to stop at entry door to the flat. He himself purchased vegetables, groceries, fruits, medicines any and everything necessary for the three families and he himself has to deliver them at the three kitchens. It is to be underlined that he does all these works, these over and above his official duties!

Mere four lines!

THINKER



**Now, where art thou, venerable almighty!!!
Who deserts us, in our fear filled calamity!!
Places'f worship are of no use to humanity!
Proved beyond doubt, leaves no ambiguity!**



I wish to salute the house owner who ordered to vacate the flat we occupied in the nearby street, for it is really that order that enabled our presence too in this block quite near to our son's flat! If we happened to stay in that street far away from the flat of our son what would have been our condition during the COVID days?! Our daughter and son too did very great service to get the present flat. Just a call, by voice or phone! Within seconds son is ready at our flat!

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I am always engaged at the computer, doing some typing or creating videos, editing songs giving new visuals according to the meaning of the songs. My writings increased manyfold.

An Emotional Imagination!

!?!?!?!?!?!?!!

If everything is created by God
A question to that almighty!
Why did you create, this horrible
Virus COVID-19 highly destructive!

Immediately came in WhatsApp
The answer, yonder from heaven!
“Brimmed with conceit is the Man!
It is to concoct his arrogance!” 8

“If it’s so, I have a doubt, grate,
Will you please clear that too?
Isn’t it you who created Man too?
Kindly answer me in toto.”

12

“Yes, what’s there to doubt?”
 “So, brain his too is by you
 Created, doubtless isn’t it!
 Thou say ‘Yes’, let Man hear!” 16

“Brain too, my creation.”
 “Isn’t Man’s emotions all,
 And all his commissions
 Controlled by brain?”

20

Never came an answer, yet
Questioning did continue!
“If Man turned egotist
Really brain the culprit!” 24

“If imperfection of brain
Turned Man hauteur, never Man
Accountable, but the creator!
Can you vouch, you are not?!” 28

“Is punishing Man, for thy own
Mistake a religious act?
What’s the justice that sacrifice
Him for fault, that’s not his?” 32

“Can you, you the creator
Take refuge stating, you never
Knew, Man would turn arrogant?
What a blemish, on concept of God!” 36

“One, who in advance knows everything,
The incarnation of the whole of all virtues,
Isn’t so the conception of God, on this earth!
Isn’t defamation to that assumption!?” 40

For us, long back, smallpox, deity’s anger!
Science eradicated it, away from this earth!
Sure, we can even annihilate this too
Provided we all cooperate in the attempt! 44

We avoiding all our superstitions,
Even stopping visits to places of worship,
Stop all social contacts, to avoid spread
By contact, the only way to save Man! 48

To earn god's love, built and built
 Man, buildings distinct and specific!
 For what use are those structures, today!?
 We want places for medical practice! 52

**If move is to reach places of worship
 And control the virus, praying the god
 There is not left even an iota of doubt
 That, that it itself will turn into graveyard! 56**

**If Man is to survive on this earth
 The only way left is social distancing!
 Practice keeping distance, one another!
 Impractical it is the idea of prayers! 60**

**Say, what's the use in the construction of
 The places of worship, other than that of
 Attracting Man fool more and more
 And to make and keep Him blind, forever! 64**

**Now, at this time, it's clearly established
 By COVID-19, that construction of places
 Of worship, mere waste, time, energy, money!
 Make them, great places of medical practice! 68**

**What contribution, do the places of worship
 Award, other than that of a place most suitable
 To keep Man the fool, fool for ever on earth?!
 Pardon omission, keep stout priests-community! 72**

How can an innocent man get honor
 Here where there shine, fellows superstitious
 Infinite, as prey to those who in the name of god
 Profit by religious suction and to those who
 Avail honourable positions and monitory benefits
 By playing religious political games?! 78

Turn vice places for worship into hospitals!
Be wise, save humanity suffocating rituals!
Think twice! Stop building new places for worship!
Nice, social distancing, till medicine new invented! 82

((((((((((0))))))))))

LESSONS LEARNT, TAUGHT BY COVD19!

<https://youtu.be/II936s8y0Y0>

Lethal liquor an intoxicant!
Religion: more terrible intoxicant!
Didn't without doubt any: COVID19 teach
Drunkard can live even without liquor?
Didn't COVID19 prove beyond doubt any -
Man can live, even without religion any?
Truth: temples, mosques, churches, pagodas -
And such places of worship are of use nil -
To mankind: cleared without ambiguity any!
An answer single invented by the great Fraud -
As answer to all questions answerless, is God!
But all Gods of all religions could not even save
Man from the clutches of COVID virus the knave!

For those who want to worship God, middle-
Men: like priests, bishops, monks, nuns, mothers,
Sisters, padres, clergies, pastors, preachers, fathers,
Shepherds, THANTHRIES pope, imam, KWADIMUFTI,
AYATHOLLA, MULLA, HASSAN, rabbi, seer, sage, and, and
And.... not at all necessary here, anywhere in this world!
To pray, no need for place separate, home quite sufficient!
Prayer houses attract Superstitious and get the premises flooded!
Festivals too are to attract innocent Man, ignoble weak minded!
Can't the great God who could create universe, single handed
Build a house for self-accommodation, without Man funded?

No news at all of any God ever starved, to death: or had
Attack any of disease, for not being able to eat LADDU,
Drink PAYASAM, chew UNNIAPPAM or consume rice:
At places of worship, anytime, anywhere in this world!

No complaint ever had been made by God any, for not lighting
Oil lamps or candle sticks or for not providing, fumes igniting
Spice, aromatic in the urn with cinder bright, or camphor smoke!
No report of Goddess any; wasn't able to sleep, for not hearing
Sounds of shots! (Habit formed after Man invented gunpowder!)
((((0))))

A NEW GODDESS IS BORN!



MOTHER CORONA TEMPLE

It is not known whether the board was put by real Believers, or by cheaters to grab money from Believers!

Once there was a belief that smallpox was the result of the anger of a goddess. It was believed that the disease was thrown over humanity by the Goddess because She is not well honoured. When a Man got affected by the disease, Believers used to conduct festivals in the temple. But science found out that it is a pandemic. It spread all over the world. In research science found a good vaccine for it. It was not an injection. It was smeared on the hand and then with an instrument a round scratch is made there. In our school days it was compulsory to take that vaccination. All over the world the vaccination took place and science succeeded in eradicating the disease from the surface of the earth.

Let us hope that now too science will invent suitable vaccines for COVID 19 too within the shortest time possible and save the humanity from this cruel epidemic by eradicating COVID 19 too from the surface of the earth!

All nations of the world worked hard to fight against the virus. Scientifically advanced countries, day and night toiled to invent a suitable vaccine for controlling the spread of the virus. I engaged in creating a Font for BHARATHI the script I invented as common script for all Indian languages. After months of toiling, finally I succeeded in creating an excellent Font, though not the letters were drawn to scale, by an artist.

(Download free Font and literature from:
bharathibyramchand.wordpress.com
 and learn the script as a hobby)



BHARATHI ெ CHARACTERS

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Nature's beauty will surely be enhanced manifold if flowers are not nipped destroyed! Allow it to bloom in its own flavors!

If lighting of bonfire completely stopped the atmospheric air will get more pollution free! A boon to all living creatures!

Not only waters of rivers, but all waters turn polluted because of Man the fool's deeds: will get water purified, if superstitions end!

The masses have no brain to think! Mass psychology is entirely different form that of individual psychology! Even if a Man has brain, when a person is part of a conglomeration, what the individual nearby does the neighbor also does, sometimes even unknowingly it may happen! Commonsense is lost! Aghast he stands! Only scientific education can throw away superstitions.

Extracts from news media are given below.

ANONYMOUS Few lines that appeared in WhatsApp are reproduced below:

A conglomerate of fools,
Unfettered by any rules
Determined to make way
For an early Doomsday!
Politicians stand by
Watching myriad people die!
More concerned about rallies
And their Assembly seats tallies.
Priests their prayers chant,
Their concern for humanity scant!
Hordes dip into the river,
Asking God to deliver?
Pray where is good sense?
Are we collectively so dense?
Let our conscience awake,
For our great country's sake!
Else this virus will annihilate
The pandemic will not abate.

India on Saturday reported its highest ever single-day COVID-19 deaths, as cases continued to rise and states imposed stricter lockdowns.

India's health ministry reported 4,187 fatalities over the past 24 hours, taking the overall death count to just under 2.4 lakh. Cases rose by 4,01,078, increasing the total since the start of the pandemic to 2.19 crore.

Hospitals across the country have been overwhelmed by the crisis with patients and doctors left to begging on social media for oxygen, beds and other necessities.



 the quint

After Kumbh, Uttarakhand Sees 1800% Jump in COVID-19 Cases

Over 91 lakh pilgrims came to Haridwar to take the holy dip in the Ganga between 14 January to 27 April. Over 35 lakh people had gathered in Haridwar on 12 April and 13.51 lakh on 14 April.

Uttarakhand recorded an 1,800 percent increase in COVID-19 cases between 31 March and 24 April, when the Kumbh was held.

The massive congregation turned into a 'super-spreader' event as the state recorded 1.3 lakh COVID-19 cases in just about a month, which was more than half of the state's case tally till date.



Devotees gather to offer prayers during the third 'Shahi Snan' of the Kumbh Mela 2021, at Har ki Pauri Ghat in Haridwar, Wednesday, April 14, 2021. | Photo Credit: PTI

The Kumbh Mela sees lakhs of devotees converge every 12 years and involves many rituals, including ritual baths in the Ganga on specific dates. This time, on the day of the Baisakhi Snan on April 14, more than 9.5 lakh devotees from various *akharas* took a dip. One seer, Mahamandleshwar Kapil Dev Das, reportedly died of COVID-19, while scores of seers tested positive for the coronavirus. Amid rising cases, the Kumbh, with its large gathering of people, was being seen as a super spreader event.

Superstitions surged super spreaders, sending several saints succumb to COVID19! More than hundred Monks are attacked by COVID19 in Sikkim.



BODIES FLOATING IN GANGA!

It is believed that taking a dip in the sacred water of Ganga will help the attainment of nirvana! Dead bodies too may get nirvana if they are thrown into the water of river Ganga!

***MAD AND MAD RELIGIONS ARE RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL THESE MISHAPS!***



NDTV

On Camera, Hundreds Gather For Friday Prayers Amid Covid In Hyderabad

YET, NO GOD CAME TO THEIR RESCUE!

It is the medicine and the medicos' sincere nursing that could save at least lives few!

Pray them!

HARIDWAR: Amid a raging pandemic, the Maha Kumbh in Haridwar with lakhs in attendance was held! Instead of the 12-year cycle that the Kumbh traditionally follows, the mela was held this year, 11 years after the one in Haridwar in 2010, mainly because of the "favourable astrological position of Sun moving into Aries and Jupiter into Aquarius."

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One of the organisations involved in taking the decision was Ganga Sabha, the body of priests responsible for upkeep of Har-ki-Pauri at Haridwar, which communicated to the Akhil Baharatiya Akhada Parishad (ABAP), the apex body of akhadas, in January 2019 that the Kumbh should be held in 2021 instead of 2022 due to the astrological configurations.

The Kumbh Mela is held every 12 years. It was conducted in 2010. It is due only in 2022. The manipulative astrology got it advanced to 2021! Did anybody ferret out or at least pondered, what prompted the advancement of the Kumbh by one year?! It was the result of a well-planned plot to keep God alive: Who was at the verge of death, because of the devastation created to humanity all over the world by the COVID19 virus. It was conducted when the onslaught of the pandemic was at its zenith. To those who live and prosper by amassing wealth: and or grabbing position, in the name of God, the death of innocent superstitious, is not a problem, as trampling on the dead bodies of the victims they could achieve their aim of keeping God alive!

God was born out of fear and as an answer to answerless questions! But, God's assistants, the priests: and the so-called God-men hijacked God. So, the onus of keeping God alive fell on the shoulders of those who live on suction in the name of God. They know that God lives because of the festivals! So, even at the sacrifice of many Men they want to keep God alive.

Man went to Earth Moon and came back. Beyond doubt it is proved moon is not a God. Yet the man superstitious; refuses to accept the truth: as the so-called assistants of God forces the superstitious innocents to blindly believe what they are saying!

Astrology is prevalent in India, China, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Great Britain and America! But it plays havoc in India!

As many as 70 million Americans read their horoscopes daily. Well, that's at least according to the American Federation of Astrologers.

Astrology is generally defined as the belief that astronomical phenomena, like the stars overhead when you were born or the fact that Mercury is in retrograde, have the power to influence the daily events in our lives and our personality traits. This is, of course, very different from the study of astronomy, which is the scientific study of celestial objects, space, and the physics of the universe.

Astrology is not a **science**; there's no evidence that one's **zodiac** sign actually correlates to personality. ... **Astrology** ascribes meaning to the placement of the sun, the moon, and the planets within 12 sections of the sky—the signs of the **zodiac**.

The scientific consensus is that astrology is a pseudoscience, and there is no evidence that astrologers are doing anything more than storytelling or playing confidence tricks.

The astronomical part of 'Jyothisham' may be considered as a science. But the astrological part dealing with the horoscope is hundred percent fooling, fake, cheating, perverse and murdering! Astrology has been rejected by the scientific community as having no explanatory power for describing the universe. Stars and planets can't influence the fate, fortune or luck of an individual, even if for argument-sake, we admit that gravitational, magnetic and such forces of stars and planets may influence the health of an individual! There should be a limit to Man's foolishness!

*There are some 4,300 **religions** of the **world**. Religions too die. History could collect details on only ten religions dead. They are **Minoan, Mithra, Manichae, Aten, Ashur, Veda, Canaanite, Pagan, Olmec, Tengri**; the Religions, dead are numerous! As the religions die their Gods too die. The present-day major religions too may one day die. Sometimes it may take thousands of years. (Very rarely are new religions born!) Those who manage livelihood and positions care of God will do anything and everything to keep the religions alive.*

All festivals, and all the religious gatherings, are intended to keep God alive. They don't bother the death of innocent superstitious!

Man, religious superstitious, Man finding earnings in religion's name, and Man who play politics in shadow of religion and amass fame, wealth and position: will do everything that could be done to halt the growth of science and commonsense! Academic curriculums will be changed, to fit it enable the keeping up of fellows superstitious, superstitious ever! Religion is a hindrance to the real development and progress of Mankind! If the religion head happens to be the ruler of a nation or the ruling party is a religious one, then it is a curse on the nation's population!

The distinguishing trait found in Believers is that they all refuse to think!

((((0))))

3. Aayurveda! Immunity boosters!

As COVID cases rise, there is rise in the number of immunity boosters also. It seems every day the social media presents a new immunity booster! We must not blindly fall prey to them. There may be some good, but there may be many bad boosters also. For example: eating edible camper by elderly people may even lead to poisoning by it which may be fatal, even though eaten by healthy younger generation may have some exemplary benefits.

SOME EXTRACTS COLLECTED FROM DIFFERENT SOURCES ARE REPRODUCED BELOW IN BRACKETS.

{'Some immunity boosters could harm liver': ILBS director cautions

“People are consuming many medicines assuming them to be immunity boosters. Some might be good but those with no scientific evidence, Ayurvedic, Homeopathic or anything else, could harm the liver, "Dr Sarin said, according to news agency ANI.

By hindustantimes.com | Edited by Mallika Soni, Hindustan Times, New Delhi
PUBLISHED ON APR 19, 2021 07:02 PM IST

Amid a spike in corona virus disease (Covid-19) cases in the country, Institute of Liver and Biliary Sciences (ILBS) director Dr SK Sarin cautioned people on Monday to not consume medicines in the name of immunity boosters as they could result in side effects such as liver damage.

“People are consuming many medicines assuming them to be immunity boosters. Some might be good but those with no scientific evidence, Ayurvedic, Homeopathic or anything else, could harm the liver. In an attempt to avoid Covid, you could develop liver-related issues,” Dr Sarin said, according to news agency ANI.

Fact Check: Does Inhaling Camphor, Ajwain Increase Your Oxygen Levels? Here's The Truth

There is no study that suggests that clove, ajwain, and eucalyptus oil increase oxygen levels and congestion.

Published: April 20, 2021 10:13 AM IST

By India.com Lifestyle StaffEmail Edited by Anjali ThakurEmail



Inhaling Camphor, Ajwain and Clove will not increase your oxygen levels.

New Delhi: If you are an avid user of social media, then chances are that you may have stumbled upon a viral message suggests that inhaling the vapour of camphor, clove, ajwain and eucalyptus oil can help increase the oxygen levels. Not just that, it can also relieve respiratory distress. We suggest you must give it a 'MISS'. It reads, "Camphor, lavang, ajwain, few drops eucalyptus oil. Make potli and keep smelling it throughout the day. This helps increase oxygen levels and congestion. This potli is given to tourists in Ladakh when oxygen levels are low. It's a home remedy."

According to *quint*, there is no scientific evidence to back the claim. In fact, chest specialists called this claim a myth.

Other reports say that there is no proof that camphor, lavang or ajwain can increase blood oxygen or provide relief during respiratory distress, but it can work as a feel-good therapy during mild respiratory infections. Camphor is used to rub on the skin to reduce pain and itching, and some studies suggest that they have no effect on nasal decongestion.

A study also suggests that reliving nasal obstruction doesn't improve oxygen saturation.

Likewise, there is no study that suggests that clove, ajwain and eucalyptus oil increase oxygen levels and congestion.

Meanwhile, several prescriptions for COVID-19 treatment have also gone viral on WhatsApp and Facebook. It ranges from home remedies to Ayurveda and Unani prescriptions and audio and videos advises and notably, none of the remedies are certified or verified.

by Taboola

"I have been closely monitoring the recipes and I am completely flummoxed. One such recipe for patients in home isolation, recommends five teaspoons of cinnamon powder, taken with warm water. Cinnamon can actually increase the amount of carbon dioxide produced in the stomach, which restricts blood circulation by constricting your blood vessels. This helps you retain body heat and is counterproductive in summer," the IANS quoted Dr Narottam Kumar, a physician, as saying.

He said that advisories that recommend drinking 'kadha' (a concoction of spices) every two hours are also harmful.

Dr. R K Khanna, an ENT specialist, said that there was no logic behind smelling the camphor potli except reassuring oneself that the sense of smell is intact. "People have started putting the potli into their masks which could cause other health issues," he said.



Covid-19 Cure: Experts have repeatedly warned against practising alternative treatments for COVID-19

Dr Surya Kant, a pulmonologist, has now appealed to people not to follow WhatsApp prescriptions without consulting their family doctors.}

Some have a fascination to see their articles appear in the social media. They invent new immune boosters of their own, just by collecting the names of some make-believe items and publish in social media.

Pasting cow-dug all over the body and praying to the great almighty to prevent the attack of COVID19!

According to Hindu mythology Cow, is a sacred animal, well related to God! Its milk is used to give bath to the idols of Gods. Cow-dug and Cow's urine are considered precious, with medicinal properties! Vested interests are playing well to keep The Superstitious, superstitious ever! Persons drinking their own urine too are there!

Encouraging own nation's system of medicine is really commendable. It is our patriotic duty to do so. But the reality fact must not be ignored! There is a presumption that Aayurvedic medicines, mainly being made from herbs, do not have any side effects! Siddha, Unaani and Homeopathic medicines are also considered so. Instead of saying that, they do not have side effects, it is better to say "no side effects known", as it is not scientifically tested for finding out that, as there is no mechanism for doing so! Allopathic medicines are first tested on animals and then tested on human volunteers. The side effects are made public, to help them select or reject any medicine.

'Vedism' or Veda Religion, was the religion of those talked ancient 'Indo-European' language, entered India from the place today known as Iran in about 1500BC. In that religion, the most important God worshipped in that religion was INDRA. When that religion died, Hindu religion, the then that was taking shape snatched away all the 'Vedas'. Gave Indira too, a position in Hinduism! (When 'Two turns into One', as the new situation emerged requires highly necessary, the creation of new posts, at least almost equivalent, suitable new posts are created! Aren't we experts in coining names to meet with such emergencies?! We could invent posts like 'Rajapramukh', 'Deputy Prime minister', 'Deputy Chief minister' and so on!) Gave him the great name 'Devendran' and the status of a God, and chained him there on the chair; on condition that he will not be a God worshiped by humanity! I have visited mosques, churches, temples, pagodas etc.! From the time I got freedom to think myself I am learning religions, mainly the five major religions. The visits were part of it.

For my disasters I do not blame anybody! Similarly, for my accomplishment – if any is there – I do not take credit for it. Every happening is accidental, nothing is pre-determined!

“If life were predictable it would cease to be life, and be without flavour.”

Eleanor Roosevelt.

"Do not judge me by my successes, judge me by how many times I fell down and got back up again."

Nelson Mandela.

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I never knew that the disaster of 12th October 1976 (the death of Ranichandra) was putting an end to my film career too! It is not possible to humbly keep quite without telling the truth; that by the denial of opportunities for me in continuing exposing practically my abilities, the nation lost at least a few good cultural-social films!

I never ordered even my wife, that she must not do this or that or insisted that she should do this and that! We never celebrated our birthdays or the birthdays of our children. We celebrated Oonam as it is a festival of harvest.

Never did I ever request or compel her, that she should accept and follow my ideas and philosophies.

MAN is of different kinds! It is practically impossible on their part to change their habits!

I know my weaknesses very well!

I don't know to say praising beautiful words of approval, I never learnt it!

I do not possess the ability to expose and make glittering external overtures and expressions so as to make others understand the love in the interior of my inner heart!

My, another weak point of failure is that I happened to be one who speaks only limited words essential to convey a message or in an appreciation and not one who talks a lot!

As I happened to be one who is in the habit of always thinking about something, I am very, very backward in laughing!

I not at all remember, of any moment when I became angry! Even if there may be any time, it may be infinitesimally only!

I am a person who lost the future as there was no money to take five prints of 'LAHARI' my Film. I am very much happy and satisfied: that my ambition that my children must not happen to suffer for want of money, in the same way as I in my life suffered for lack of finance sufficient; so-itself happened, whoever's knack might be behind it made it a reality! I do not make a claim that it so emerged because of my ability! My son-in-law works as 'General Manager' of a technical section of a petroleum company. My son works as 'Development Manager' in an IT Company. After becoming a scholar with MSc., BT., MCA; my daughter looks after the welfare of the family. Daughter-in-law works as 'Associate Vice President' of a

concern. Getting pension after retirement, my wife is deeply engaged in looking after my welfare, nursing me. In the kitchen itself she keeps a clock to feed me in time.

[Though many of my ambitions didn't materialise, today I am a man with much contentment! Indeed, I could ferret out the hidden reason for that satisfaction, though I could not continue directing films. The message conveyed through a film will go around only as long as the picture runs in theatres. There is a limit to the life of a picture! But the life of the videos made conveying the message when published through internet, lasts for ever! Doesn't that peculiarity sufficient for the creator of videos?!]

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I am very much content with my life, for getting a wife, loving and understanding me, and with decorum behave herself in all needed ways. (But, the situations in which I happened to be engulfed in, didn't permit me to rise to the level of my wife's expectations, by the way!) It is my wife's best attendance, the main reason for my existence. We, the parents, are quite content with and fortunate by getting two children who shower and shower, love over love, over their mother and father.



This writing will be quite incomplete, if I omit to explain in detail, about a very great invention too, which I made for the benefit of humanity! Its name is 'Back-Itch-Sensation Scrabble Machine'! What is seen at the bottom in the picture is machine made with bamboo. Seen at the centre is machine made

with plastic and steel. That seen at the top is the machine, I invented for the benefit of mankind, putting a lot of thought into it and after doing a lot of research! For making this, either coir made of coconut fibre or nylon thread suitable, can be used! Take a thread of suitable thickness and length, and make knots a few close to each other, at the centre of the thread, as shown in the picture! At the ends of the thread make loops! The making of the machine is over! Now, I am explaining for all of you, how to use my machine! Hold the machine at the back! Put the loops at the ends on the mother finger of both the hands! (Simply holding the two ends, by the two hands, also it can be used!)

Thenceforward, the centre of the machine touching the back touching the skin with sufficient pressure, drag either left to right or top to bottom or in any way you like; and enjoy the bliss! Please evaluate the excellence of my machine, over the other machines! If, with the other machines only a limited area can be covered at a time, because of the flexibility of my machine, a lot of area can be covered at any time! With my machine the direction of scrabble can be changed in an instant! Spending less, getting bliss without miss: that is the trick! At least a few will be benefitted by this device!

Corona lock-out taught me another thing! The tooth-paste was over. The usual practice was to throw it away and purchase a new tube! As against the usual practice, I did one thing! I didn't throw the tube away. I just operated it with a scissors! Cut three sides and opened it! Wonder, in it there was sufficient paste left in it! On the second day it was found dried up! I made the brush wet, rubbed it on the paste and took sufficient of it on the brush. Thus, I managed that day! The next day I made the operated tube wet few minutes before the cleaning of the teeth! For me it lasted for fifteen days! Since then, I made up my mind to use the whole of the tooth paste by operating it, whenever it seems to be finished! Nobody should consider, operating the tube and using the paste left in there, as an act below one's dignity! Avoiding wastage is always an asset in any case! When the tube was made of thin metal sheet, once squeezed, it continued to remain in that position. But now the tube being made of plastic, when the pressing is stopped it bounce back to its original position, allowing the retention of too much paste in it! I happen to remember the publicities given by tooth-paste manufacturing companies, with pictures of paste covering the whole of the fibre from one end to the other, when only 1/8th part of it is sufficient to clean the teeth!

Every week I used to take an injection to increase the haemoglobin count in my blood. A nurse was doing it. But, because of COVID we had to stop her visit to the flat. Going to hospital every week for getting injected too is a problem. As it leads to more contact with people. Taking the injection too must continue! A way must be found out! An idea struck me! Get injected by my son Manonj! It was not an intravenous or intramuscular injection. It was to be injected just below the skin! I conveyed to him, my idea, and told him how he should proceed. He also visited the internet, browsed, and learnt all about the process. Very soon he became an experienced doctor, and still, he is continuing injecting me.

As, now I am having a Font for BHARATHI the common script I invented, I am able to send the Font to friends and relatives requesting them to learn it. I made a lot of useful items helpful to the learner. I made typing helping guides for the major languages of India. Because of the potentiality of the script to accommodate any world language I even internationalised BHARATHI!

ANY LANGUAGE IN THE WORLD, WITHOUT A SCRIPT, CAN ADOPT IT FREE!!!!

A COMMON SCRIPT

FOR ALL LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD!



If there is an assertion raised that the format of **BHARATHI 1994** is entirely different, is excelling, from all the scripts ever born in the world till date, there is no place even for an iota of exaggeration! Though it was first invented as common script for all Indian Languages; because of its tremendous possibilities such as its flexibility to accommodate any spoken sound in any language all around the world, it is found to possess the potential enough to transform itself into an International Language Script!!

1. **BHARATHI 1994** is the only script in the world, having the composition of hooks at left and right sides of their hips, in order to join one another, letters and symbols (diacritics) in words!
2. If ever, a script came into existence in the world, in which all the letters of words could be written from beginning to end continuously without even a little break, it is none other than **BHARATHI 1994**!
3. There is only a single one script in this world, in which the numerals are not to be learnt separately. It is **BHARATHI 1994**! In the world, which script, expect **BHARATHI 1994**, do have the property of turning into numerals, the symbols (diacritics) that are used for giving vowel sound effects to letters when they stand alone, taking themselves the place of numerals?!
4. As a script without any compound letter at all, **BHARATHI 1994** stands separate! All compound letters are formed in **BHARATHI 1994**!
5. **BHARATHI 1994** is the only script today in the world, having separate, separate letters for the greatest number of sounds pronounced, other than compound letters! It has already letters for 68 vocal sounds. Any number of letters according to the need can be formed in **BHARATHI 1994**!
6. **BHARATHI 1994** is the one script that exists in the world, which in its infancy state itself, a Font came into being! (The first and probably the last script, for which a Font is created by the inventor of the script itself!)
7. It is doubtless that **BHARATHI 1994** occupies the first place among the very rare elegant scripts, without including a single letter having a dot or line, above or below, left or right!
8. In preference to other language scripts, it is the peculiarity of **BHARATHI 1994**, that not even for a single letter, no fleck or streak (diacritics), is to be put in, before it!
9. For **BHARATHI 1994**, in order to double letters, there is no necessity to rely upon the method used for creating compound letters! It is made possible by using a special diacritic!
10. It is really a point to be mentioned preferentially, that not even a single letter of **BHARATHI 1994**, do have portions projecting upwards or downwards from the normal level!
11. There is not even an iota of doubt for the fact, that for all reasons, it is a praise-worthy thing, all letters of the script **BHARATHI 1994** are of the same height!

BHARATHI letter	Keys to be pressed to get BHARATHI the letter	Which vocal sound the letter represents:
ಅ	aS	(A) as 'a' in 'at'
ಆ	a0	(AA) as 'a' in 'art'
ಇ	a1	(E) as 'i' in 'it'
ಏ	a2	(EE) as 'ea' in 'eat'
ಉ	a3	(U) as 'o' in 'to'
ಊ	a4	(UU) as 'oo' in 'too'
ಋ	a5	(EERO) as 'ero' in 'zero'
ಋ	a6	(YEA) as 'e' in 'enter'
ಋ	a7	(YEAA) as 'a' in 'agent'
ಋ	a8	(AY) as 'i' in 'idea'
ಋ	a9	(O) as 'o' in 'omit'
ಋ	a-	(OO) as 'o' in 'order'
ಋ	a=	(OW) as 'ou' in 'out'
ಋ	ad	(AM) as 'um' in 'umbrella'
ಋ	af	(A:) as 'u' as in 'utter'
ಋ	aX	(EEROO) as 'eroo'
ಋ	aP	(EELO) as 'ilo' in 'kilo'
ಋ	aZ	(EELoo) as 'iloo'

When the first vowel is followed by another letter, it is not necessary to add the tail (◌) to the body making the vowel. Automatically, it emerges there!



Now let us have a look at the Consonants!

{[◌(KA), ◌(KHA), ◌(GA), ◌(GHA), ◌(NGA)] is considered as a group.
Similarly, other groups too.}

In most cases:

When the first letter, of a group
is turned upside down, we get the next letter of the
same group:
When this new letter is turned left to right, we get the
next letter of the same group:
When we again turn the newly formed letter upside
down, we get the next letter of the same group:
The last letter of the group has a slight change in its
structure.



(Aspirated means, the sound represented in English by the letter "h", in words such as "house".)

For getting letter in BHARATHI script, representing a voice like that:




























as 'c' in 'cup', type lower case 'g', on the keyboard.

as (kha), the same ◌ ASPIRATED as in 'MUKHAM' the Sanskrit word for 'Face',
type lower case 'h' on the keyboard.

as 'bu' in 'but', type UPPER CASE 'A', on the keyboard.

Consonants have the first vowel 'a' already added to it!

◌	g	(KA) as 'c' in 'cup' (Gutteral)
◌	h	(KHA) as the same ◌(KA) ASPIRATED as in 'MUKHAM' the Sanskrit word for 'Face' (Gutteral)
◌	j	(GA) as 'ga' in 'mega' (Gutteral)
◌	k	(GHA) as the same ◌(GA) ASPIRATED, as in 'MEGHAM' the Sanskrit word cloud' (Gutteral)

	l	(NGA) as 'ng' in 'so <u>ng</u> ' (softened without stress) (Guttural)
	q	(CHA) as 'cha' in ' <u>cha</u> llenge' (Palatal)
	w	(CHHA) as the same  (CHA) ASPIRATED (Palatal)
	e	(JA) as 'j' in ' <u>j</u> ungle' (Palatal)
	r	(JHA) as the same  (JA) ASPIRATED (Palatal)
	t	as 'nja' (Palatal)
	y	(TA) as 't' in ' <u>t</u> own' (Cerebral)
	u	(THA) as the same  (TA) ASPIRATED (Cerebral)
	i	(DA) as 'd' in ' <u>d</u> ull' (Cerebral)
	o	(DHA) as the same  (DA) ASPIRATED (Cerebral)
	p	(NA) as 'nn' in 'co <u>nn</u> ect' (Cerebral)
	z	(THA) as 'thu' in ' <u>thu</u> mb' (Dental)
	x	(THHA) as the same  (THA) ASPIRATED (Dental)
	c	(DA) as 'th' in ' <u>th</u> at' (Dental)
	v	(DHA) as the same  (DA) ASPIRATED (Dental)
	b	(NA) as 'na' in ' <u>na</u> di' the Sanskrit word for RIVER (Dental)
	n	(PA) as 'pu' in ' <u>pu</u> rch' (Labial)
	m	(PHA) as the same  (PA) ASPIRATED (Labial)
	A	(BA) as 'bu' in ' <u>bu</u> t' (Labial)
	S	(BHA) as 'BHA' in the name of the book " <u>BHA</u> GAVATH GEETHA' in Sanskrit (Labial)

മ	D	(MA) as 'mu' in 'mu <u>d</u> ' (Labial)
ഫ	F	(YA) as 'ye' in 'ye <u>t</u> ' (Semi-Vowel)
ഗ	G	(RA) as 'ra' in 'pa <u>ra</u> pet' (Semi-Vowel)
ഹ	H	(LA) as 'la' in 'pa <u>la</u> nquin' (Semi-Vowel)
ഈ	J	(VA) as 'wo' in 'wo <u>o</u> nder' (Semi-Vowel)
ക	K	(SA) as 'SA' in the name 'SA <u>K</u> UNTALA' in Sanskrit. (Silibant)
ല	L	(SHA) as 'shu' in 'sh <u>u</u> t': (Silibant)
ൺ	Q	(SA) as 'su' in 'su <u>p</u> per' (Silibant)
൯	W	(HA) as 'hu' in 'h <u>u</u> t' (Aspirate)
ര	E	(LA) as 'lla' in 'co <u>ll</u> ar'
റ	R	as 'zha' in Pu' <u>z</u> ha', Malayalam for RIVER(International Phonetic Alphabet ' A 152)'. (Pronounce with rolled up tongue.)
ട	T	(RA) as 'RA' in A <u>R</u> Abi or 'ru' in 'ru' <u>n</u>
ഡ	Y	(NA) as 'nu' in 'nu <u>t</u> ': (True Dental)
ൺ	U	(TA) as 'Ta' as in 'Ta- <u>ta</u> '
ഇ	I	(FA) as 'f' as in 'fu <u>n</u> '
ഓ	O	as 'z' as in 'zoo'
ൺ	N	as 'hu <u>u</u> m'
ൺ	M	as 'a <u>u</u> ng'
ൺ	p[(IN:) as 'n' in 'fu <u>n</u> '
ൺ	H[(IL) as 'ill' in 'i <u>ll</u> '

	T[(IR) as 'r' in 'car'
	Y[(IN) as 'in' in 'in'
	E[(IL) as 'll' in 'full'

Guttural:
ka kha ga gha ña

Palatal:
ca cha ja jha ña

Cerebral:
ṭa ṭha ḍa ḍha ṇa

Dental:
ta tha da dha na



Labial:
pa pha ba bha ma

Semi-Vowel:
ya ra la va
















Silibant:
śa ṣa sa

Aspirate:
ha

Any desired-vocal-sound-representing-letter can be formed by adding the symbol to the consonants. Already, the last five letters shown in the table of consonants are made from the corresponding consonants having near-sound-similarity! There are 45 consonants left, which too can be transformed into new letters, if necessary. World languages can choose them according to their needs. If there are new vowel

sounds, to represent them, new letters too can be formed, by adding  or  to the body of the vowels. Even combination of the diacritics may be adopted, if needed. Because of the peculiarity, speciality, viability, multiplicity, beauty and the possibility of forming a letter to represent any spoken-sound, all over the world, in these ways, it can even be used as a common script for all world languages!




ADDING VOWELS TO CONSONANTS

KA	KAA	KI	KII	KU	KUU	KERO	KE
							
KEE	KAI	KO	KOO	KOW	KA:M	KA:	
							



Already, the consonants are having the first vowel 'A' attached to it. From, 'AA' onwards to get the consonants having the other vowels attached to it, we have to add the same symbols with which we made the vowels, by adding them to the Body of vowels. When we add the symbol, the consonant will first shed its 'A'-vowel-effect and then accept the new role as shown here.

Similarly, all other consonants too may be transformed.

MAKING COMPOUND LETTERS

There are no compound letters in **BHARATHI**! All compound letters are formed. It was earlier mentioned that the consonants have the first vowel (A) already added to it. To get a compound letter, first we have to shed the vowel-effect of the first letter, by adding this  symbol. For example, when this  symbol is added to the letter 

DOUBLING A CONSONANT LETTER

For doubling a letter, we need not do as we make compound letters. Just by adding the symbol  for doubling, we get it easily! For example, to double the letter  symbol to it. Then it becomes the double letter

PUNCTUATION MARKS etc.

SYMBOL ON KEYBOARD	SYMBOL GOT IN BHARATHI	SYMBOL ON KEYBOARD	SYMBOL GOT IN BHARATHI	SYMBOL ON KEYBOARD	SYMBOL GOT IN BHARATHI	SYMBOL ON KEYBOARD	SYMBOL GOT IN BHARATHI
B	₮	?	?	:	:	#	₹
\	₯	!	!	.	.	\$	\$
/	₰	((^	.	+	+
[₱))	;	;	v	—
%	%	C	=	<	₹]	SMALL SPACE
	-	, COMMA	, COMMA	>	,	*	x

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ramchandtk@gmail.com

((((((((((o))))))))))

BHARATHI KEYBOARD WITHOUT SHIFT

Not Used	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	-	=	Bksp
Tab	q	w	e	r	t	y	u	i	o	p	[]	\
Caps	a	s	d	f	g	h	j	k	l	;	'	Don't use this	Enter
Shift	z	x	c	v	b	n	m	,	.	/			Shift
BHARATHI!	Space Bar										AltGR	Common Script	For All LANGUAGES

BHARATHI KEYBOARD WITH SHIFT

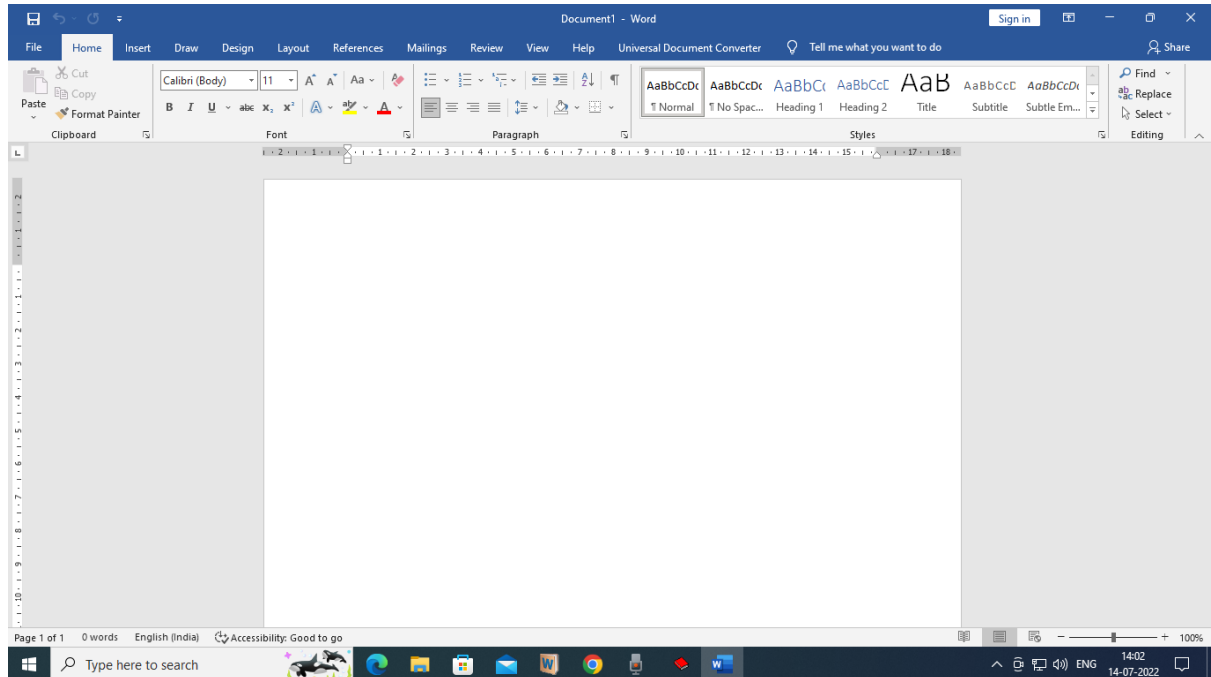
Not Used	!	@	#	\$	%	^	&	*	()	_	+	Bksp
Tab	Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P	{	}	
Caps	A	S	D	F	G	H	J	K	L	:	"	Don't use this	Enter
Shift	Z	X	C	V	B	N	M	<	>	?			Shift
BHARATHI!	Space Bar										AltGR	Common Script	For All LANGUAGES

Once you have learnt the letters and diacritics you can avoid the keyboard and type directly with the mouse!

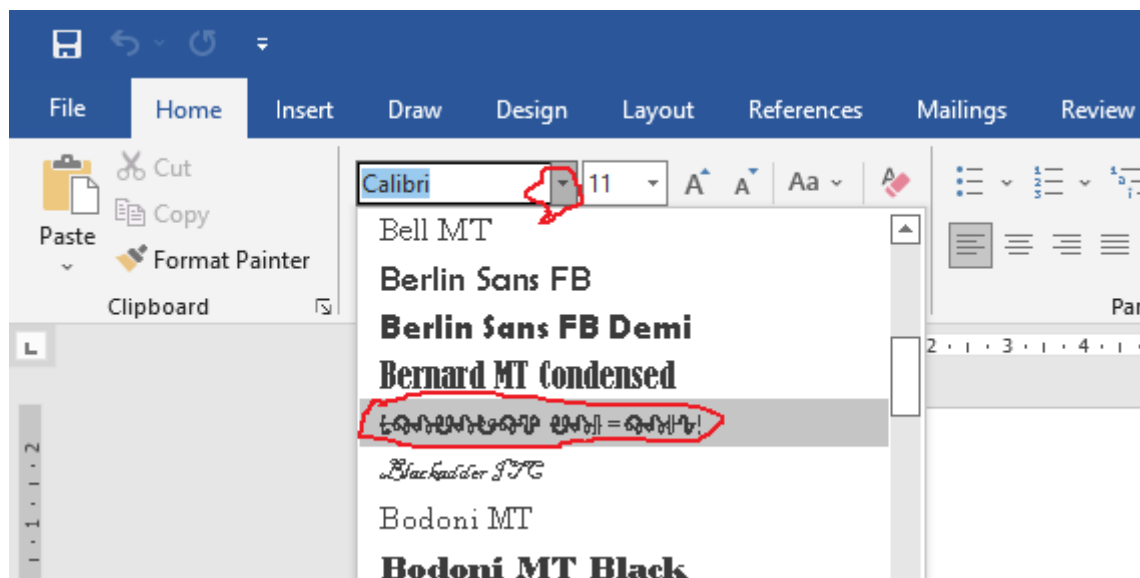
HERE IT IS, HOW TO DO IT!

(It is assumed that BHARATHI Font is already installed on the computer.)

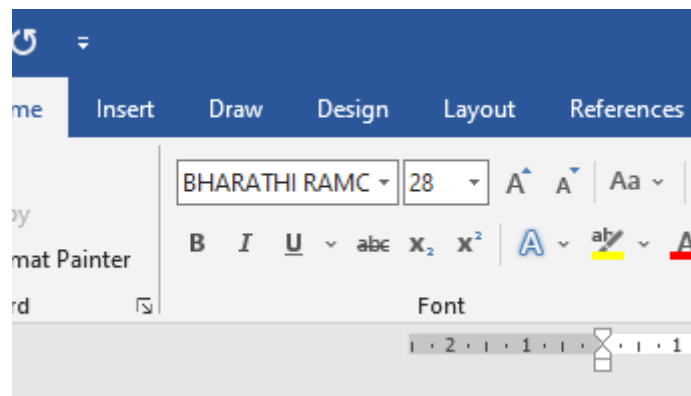
1. Open WORDS on the computer.



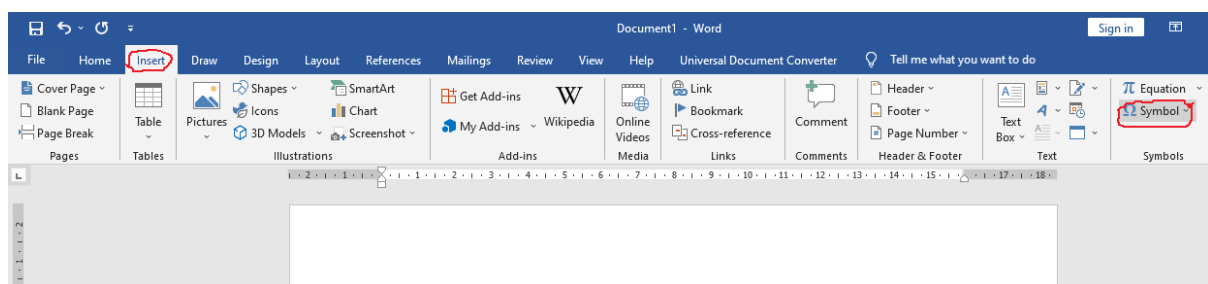
2. Click the arrow shown. A window will open giving the names of all the Fonts installed. Select BHARATHI and click it!



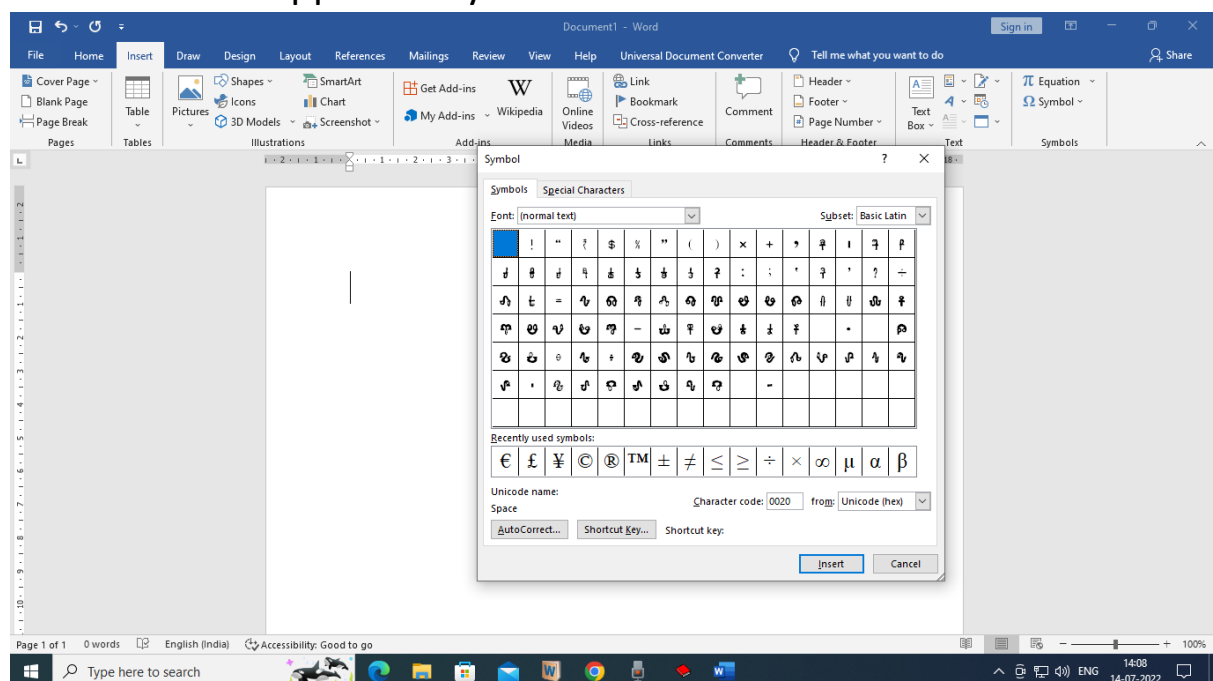
3. The name of the Font BHARATHI RAMC.... will appear. Select the size you want.



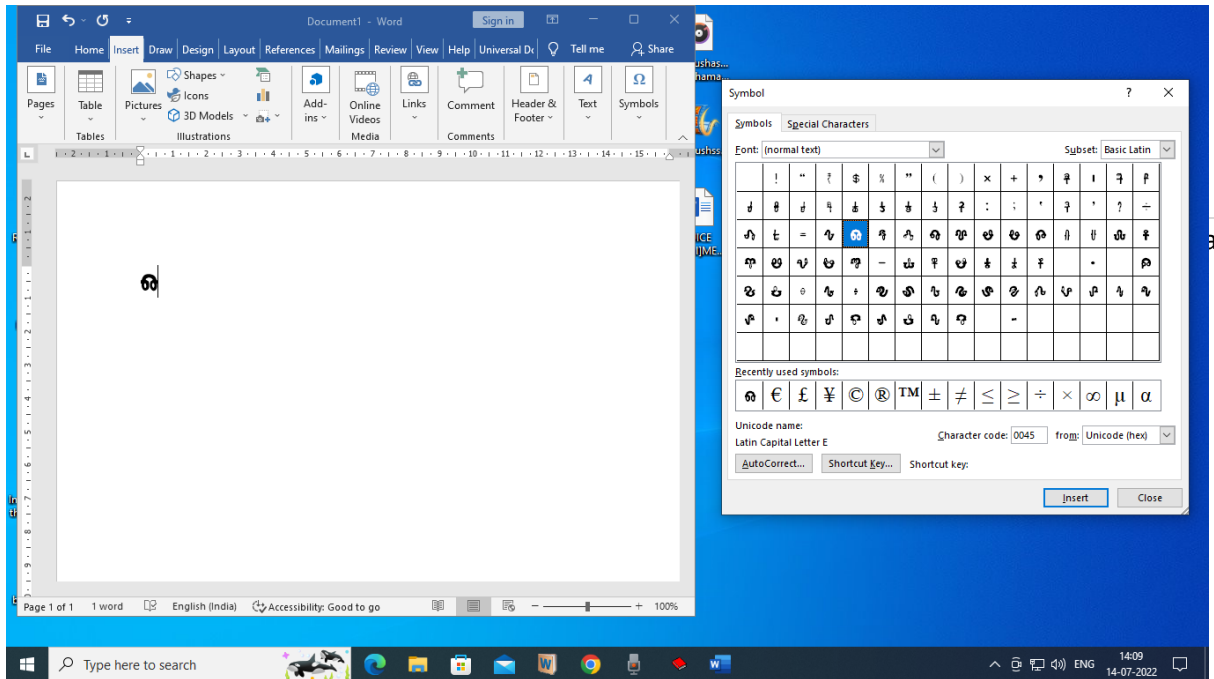
4. Click 'Insert' and then the arrow at 'Symbols'. A window will open. Click on 'More symbols'



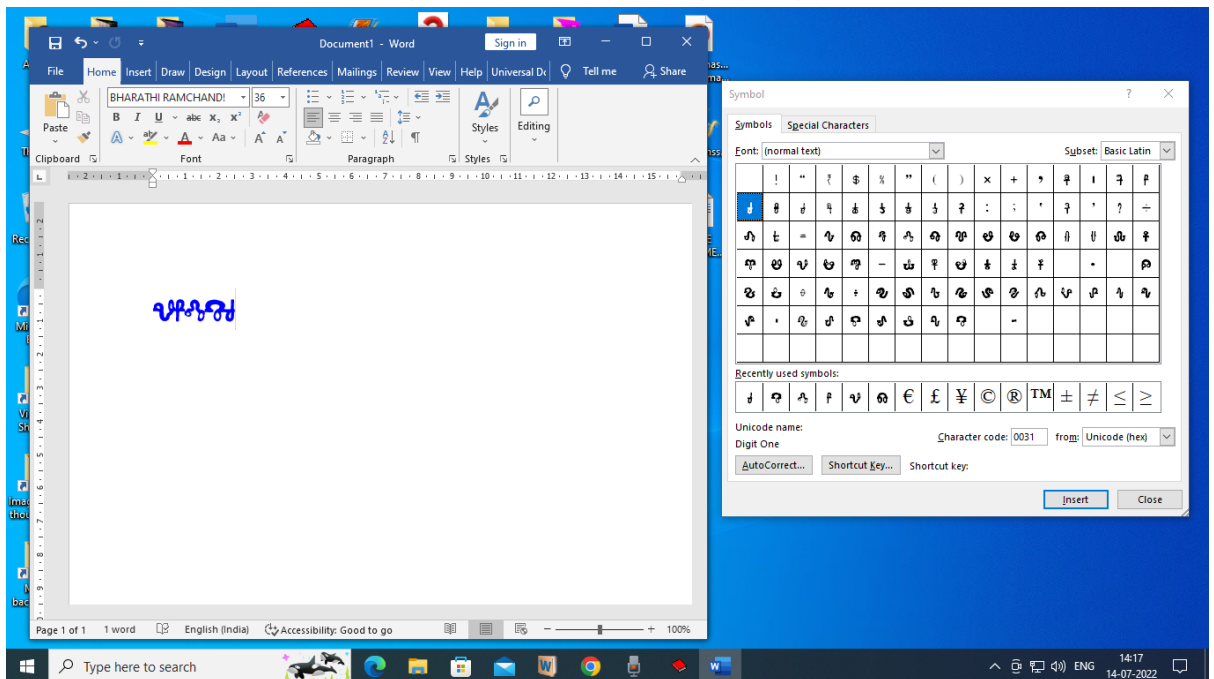
5. BHARATHI will appear as symbols!



6. Adjust to your convenience. Double click on the letter, diacritic or punctuation mark you want. It will appear in your document!



- Continue double clicking on what you want. You can even get space by double clicking on selected empty squares.



The first empty square, if double clicked will give you space!

The second empty square will give you the ideal space required between words. The third empty square will give too much space if required. The fourth empty square will give space a little more than the ideal one.

{Excuse me! The Font is not made on: Letters, Diacritics and Punctuation marks, drawn to scale. They are made from freehand drawings.}

(((((o))))))

90 years aged man's memory may err! I do not remember if I have presented here the results of my study of religions from the age of 16. However, I am giving the results here.

in the beginning God created heaven and earth. What is God and where was God no clue! (Age of Earth 4.54 billion years old.)

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The concept of day is wrong. Without a source of light and a body for the light to fall on it, there is no day or night. Here there is only the body, the earth, no source of light.

the first day - light was created. There can't be light without a source. It makes clear that till then there was no light. That means God was living in darkness! But the concept is that God has eyes to see. (Humans made in the image of God.) In darkness there is no need for eyes.

the second day - the sky was created. Sky is just the view of the space from the earth! Without sun, moon, stars, planets etc. the mention of sky has no relevance!

the third day - dry land, seas, plants and trees were created. Plants and trees cannot exist without sun. Sun was created only after creation of vegetation!

the fourth day - the Sun, Moon and stars were created. But sun is older than earth Age of Sun 4.603 billion years old. There are stars as old as 14.5 billion years.

the fifth day - creatures that live in the sea and creatures that fly, were created.

the sixth day - animals that live on the land and finally humans, made in the image of God were created.

God made everything – If so, why God created evil?!

God made everything good - Then who created the bad?!

Even in imagination it is absolutely impossible to think, the whole earth taken under the ocean, which is only a part of the earth! So, it is a blunder committed by the story teller! That means Varaha incarnation didn't take place. God had not taken that incarnation! The demon Hiranyaksha stole Earth and took it to the planet to his kingdom in netherworld. Varaha-incarnation was meant to retrieve the world hidden under the ocean! If everything is created by God, the demon too is created by God. We all know that there is no netherworld. There are a number of temples and cave temples in the name of an incarnation that hadn't taken place! Now, religious Pandits of all religions are grossly engaged in giving new interpretation to the words in religion so as to save the death of the religions! To ocean they are giving the meaning cosmos so as to interpret the hiding of earth under ocean, to mean in the vast universe! Even if it takes thousands of years, the

of religions is sure as science advances and reaches even the most superstitious! Those who live care of religions will do everything to avoid the death of the religion, they pretend to believe in!

If Vamanan, the God's incarnation into a dwarf, could cover the heaven and earth in two steps, already Mahabeli had been crushed under God's feet, if Mahabeli was there! But, if Mahabeli was in the Paathaalam (hell) how can Vamanan again trample him into it again?

These are just a few to mention! They are all against the realities the science present.

As expected, many nations invented vaccination for COVID 19. Mass vaccination took place and is continuing all over the world. India too invented one vaccine. Now the spreading of COVID 19 is under control. Let us hope very soon COVID 19 will follow the fate of smallpox.



The united fight against COVID 19

There had been occasions worth mentioning when I myself had saved my life! I was not taking any medicine for bronchitis for the last eighteen months or so! Yet, bronchitis, was kept under control. Seeing in the social media, I too was tempted to Camphor, Ajwain for Inhaling and edible camphor for eating to prevent the attack of COVID 19! At a weak moment I ate edible camphor two times. How many times I inhaled I do not remember. Soon my mind forced me, to visit the internet and see about it! What I saw are given in brackets: (Eating edible camper by elderly people may even lead to poisoning by it which may be fatal, even though eaten by healthy younger generation may have some exemplary benefits.) I didn't honour my age! (There is no proof that camphor, lavang or ajwain can increase blood oxygen or provide relief during respiratory distress.) Seeing these, I immediately packed off all the bought things and hid it from her sight. I did not allow my wife too to use them. It was saving two lives. But I fell a victim to the disease which was under my control without taking medicines. It reappeared in its real horrible form. I poisoned myself by using them. My advice is that don't believe in medications appearing in social medias and fall a prey to their ill effects.

Many allopathic medicines have constipation as a side effect. I being a continuous user of a number of allopathic medicines I am a victim of the combined constipation side effect of many medicines I use. There had been many occasions when I had to visit the emergency section of the hospital. Once, though they gave me enema, motion didn't take place. They were all worried and left the place one by one. Much worried the man who gave me the enema was still there. I then requested him to permit me to take some stool out of my anus myself with my finger. As there was no other way, he agreed to my suggestion. I using my left-hand-finger tried and succeeded in removing some very, very hard, dry stools that was blocking the ejection of the loose stools formed as a result of the enema given to me. Then suddenly rushed out the whole stool in the form of liquid. Wasn't it an occasion when I saved myself?! The man who gave me the enema became happy seeing I getting motion!

On, another occasion when I was admitted in the hospital, seeing my hand shaking my cardiologist doctor took the advice of the neurologist. I was given medicines at the hospital and when discharged, and at home I took them according to the prescription. I think I took those medicines one month. My health problem worsened, I lost my balance and faced a lot of other problems. As usual I visited the internet, browsed the details of all the medicines I was using. I was surprised to find that three medicines were for Parkinson's disease! (For this neurologist shaking hands means Parkinson's disease! At the first sight of hand shaking, he comes to that conclusion. It seems that he is ignorant of the fact that hand shaking can happen as side effect of some medicines too! He, never cared to enquire about it anything to me! If enquired, I would have told him that I am having the shaking for the last 15 years, without giving me any trouble and that I was asked by a neurologist not to take any medicine for it!) Immediately I stopped taking the three medicines prescribed by him. You must understand that I took very strong medicines for one month for a disease I do not have! If I had not stopped taking those medicines at least then it would have been fatal.

I feel that the Government should bring out a law making it compulsory for all allopathic doctors to have knowledge of the side effects too of the medicines they prescribe. It seems many of them are quite ignorant of the side effects of the medicines they prescribe! For that disease these medicines, that mentality must change. The doctors must consider the side effects too and ascertain whether the patient can bear the side effects without much problems. Now, their aim is only to cure the disease to which they are treating! They are not bothered if the patient gets affected by another disease as side effect of the medicine prescribed!

My friend Vijayan who assisted me in film direction had expired few years back. The family was suffering a lot in the absence of the earning member! Seeing his son's account number in WhatsApp, my wife immediately sent rupees ten

thousand to them as a gift! I came to understand about the transfer just when I saw the transaction in the WhatsApp!

She even gives scholarships to two students of Standard ten and twelve who comes out with first rank, in the school where she worked as teacher!

Now a few important points flash through my brain! Let me make a note of them too. Here the question is whom should the relative believe?! Doctor's words will always outweigh that of the patient's! Authoritarianism will always shine! Which will be accepted; the complaints of the patient who suffers or the words of the doctor?! It is a very confusing question, embarrassing the relatives and the doctors! Naturally the doctor's words will be accepted! In me, at times arose, sometimes suffocation, some times feeling heat at face, neck, and chest, tiredness etc. I told to my son several times. Because of our fear of corona, he contacted by phone, my cardiologist doctor. He asked to check and report to him my sugar, pressure and pulse.

Since we had the instruments at home my son checked everything and informed the doctor. The doctor informed him that it is anxiety, and prescribed even medicine for it. My son bought the medicine for anxiety and gave it to me. I also thought it may be so and used the medicine. It too didn't lessen my physical problems or give me any mental solace. At times when I felt too much pain I complained to my son. He had taken doctors words very seriously and stuck to the very meaning of the 'anxiety', and gave a pill for anxiety. Days of sufferings continued for few days. How long it continued I don't remember. Finally I myself found out that I am suffering from Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD). I requested my son to contact the chest specialist who is treating me. Through my son I informed him that I am suffering from COPD. He gave a prescription but wanted me to take CTscan. For taking CT scan too we did not go as I will have to mingle with the public. But followed the prescription. Only one day I could use the medicine. As I fell ill I was shifted to my cardiac hospital. He took the advice of their pulmonologist. According to that doctors' advice I was taken to their sister hospital and CT scan (which I omitted to take) was taken. It was confirmed that I am suffering from COPD. He prescribed few medicines, many steroids. One or two days, I had to take those medicines. After discharge from the hospital I stopped that pulmonologist's medicines, as I am allergic to steroids. I started taking my chest specialist's prescriptions. Still I am continuing them.

From these happenings many questions germinate. The cardiologist was continuing treating me for bronchitis too, according to his knowledge and his records. When such was the case, was it right and proper, on his part, just to conclude that it is my anxiety that prompts me to make such complaints: without checking my lungs too for any disease. The camphor I ate and inhaled, sowed the seeds; and my doctors invention that I am anxious, watered it to grow to a plant! Poor innocent son, what can he do, when the doctor insists and gives prescription for the medicine. Doctor should not have come to such a conclusion without checking my lungs too.

There is no life or soul that enter the body at birth and leave at death. It's just a state when all organs of all creatures function well in unison. Didn't the phenomenon, doctors are able to keep a Man alive for some more time or even days more, without letting him die at real lawful time he was expected to die, with help of life saving machines different kinds, prove doubtlessly?! At the moment, machines withdrawn: Man's life ends! Think another way too: when foetus inherits life that exists in egg and sperm where do the need arise, to import one more life from any external firm?!



Child, Boy, Intermediate student, Teacher,
Headmaster, Film director, Tuition master, Gaffer

If born, death is sure. We have donated all our organs, better say our body, to hospital. All the necessary correspondence for this were done by my wife! I wasn't aware of anything about it. I came to understand of it only at the stage of signing it! When we die, donate our body! Our request is when we die, please do not perform any rituals, especially religious. If there happens any hitch to donating the body, bury us in some graveyard after donating organs (if they are good and usable) to the needed, if possible. Never cremate our body and pollute the air.

I am giving below some information I collected from the internet:

Age of earth: 4.543 billion years

Age of Sun: 4.603 billion years.

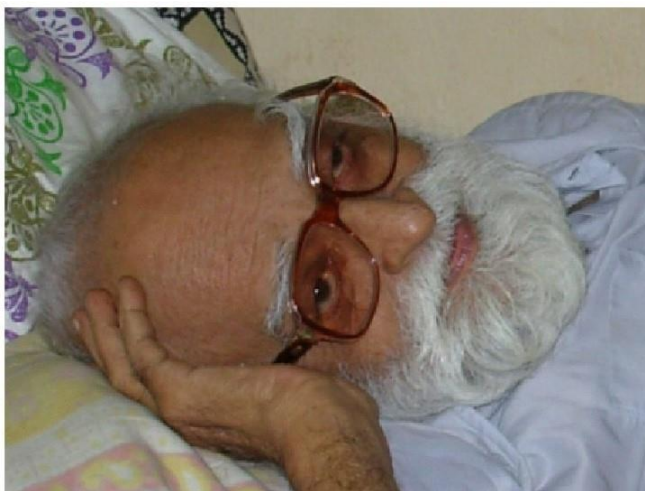
Age of the star: 1 to 10 billion years

Age of Man: Between five million and seven million years.

Conclusion: Sun is older than Earth. Many stars are very much older than Earth. Whereas Earth is billions of years old, Man is only millions of years old.

This what science tells. Didn't they contradict with what religions say?!

The rest are left to your thinking.



SOME TIME BACK,
TAKING REST AT THE FLAT,
AFTER BEING DISCHARGED
FROM THE HOSPITAL

IMMACULATE ACTUALITY!

(Poem) TK Ramchand

Then and then, what my mind ponders,
Whatever it maybe, then and there itself,
I used to scribble, that's my practice!
Never did this fool, bother to peep and peep,
Again and again into it, to find if there really
Exists in it, at least an iota of dogma!

Day by day, in inside the interior of my heart,
There is fervor, like lightning glints and glints!
Not to be rejected is the fact that if something is said
Would soothe deep distress, relieve suffocation!
If perceived, if it's enlightened, verity will be spelt!

Then and then, hither and thither, pierce, pierce and pound
Ho, those eyes' peep-and-peep-and-shoot-arrow's tip! Alas!
On a par with, hid and hid, my eyes too would hop and hop

And would shoot high-mettle-arrow, into lore-hermitage!

Then, today and every day, in leaps and bounds, singing and dancing,
My golden mind permeates the whole of the earth, and the whole of the sky!
The truth will be told, to earn parity to whatever is good and healthy,
To eliminate the state of vacuum, so as to avoid future embarrassment!

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Truth won't digest, to the ignoramus it's repulsive, is today exposed!
Will object to think even at least once, averse is he to change, entirely!
Will insist that the rabbit he caught had horns three, that's spontaneity!
Let blossom wisdom magnificently, let shine mind of humanity, very distinctly!

Daily and daily, the pages and pages, my mind sketches and sketches,
Extend days and days! Dark clouds are formed, hiding places get closed,
People quiver with anger, lambaste torrential, searches swords!

IS THERE NO ONE IN THIS WORLD TO FIGHT ALONG WITH ME?!

(((((((o)))))))